PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

MAR 7 1944

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXVII. No. 677. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1944 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
The Electorate and the Machine	101
Federation and Independence	103
To-morrow's Coal	104
A London Diary. By Critic	104
Co-Belligerent. By Sagittarius	105
This England	105
Vengeance. By Mass-Observation	105
Austria's Future. By John Lehmann	106
Where Maps Wear Thin. By John Pudney	107
The Movies. By William Whitebait	108
Plays and Pictures	108
Correspondence	108
From Jane Richardson; James Patrick; Andrea Simoni; Jack Wood; Eduard Outrata; John Pudney; Lady Beveridge; Desmond Shawe-Taylor; William Goode.	
Books in General. By A. L. Rowse	111
Reviews:	Page
Imperfectible Man. By V. S. Pritchett	112
Thucydides. By C. E. M. Joad	112
Health and Community. By Irene T. Barclay	112
Moscow and Berlin. By G. W. Stonier	113
The Father of Nobody's Children. By Harry Roberts	114
Week-end Competitions	115

THE ELECTORATE AND THE MACHINE

Brighton has said something with great emphasis. Some gift of divination is required, however, to discover precisely what nearly half the voters had in mind when they scored a cross against the name of an Independent candidate. Their action was startling because in the long record of this borough this was the first occasion on which it has manifested any originality in its political thinking. It ranked among the safest of Tory seats, and its population was so solidly Tory that any break or faltering in its allegiance would have been considered, until its vote was counted last week, barely respectable and scarcely credible. Some commentators have drawn the inference that it is moving to the Left. Of that we see no proof. The Independent who had this formidable minority behind him is, we take it, as authentic a Tory as the official nominee who just retained the seat. The revolt was directed, first of all, against the party machine, which chose a candidate who had few claims to represent the life of the town.

The revolt of Brighton was startling only because Mr. Churchill had intervened in the contest with such vehemence. The word "swindle" we take to be merely the expression of an imperious irritation against a candidate who claimed to be his supporter while opposing his nominee. But it is equally easy to guess what a great part of the electorate may have felt. Like all of us, they are conscious of the debt we owe to the man whose spirited leadership enabled us to survive through the dark months of 1940. Like most of us, even if we find much to criticise in his conduct of the war, they see in him the only possible leader in the military effort, which is still far from the goal of victory.

But when that is said, they may feel no enthusiasm and some discontent over the political management of the nation's affairs. What precisely was in the minds of these Tory voters we are not qualified to guess—chiefly, it may be, local grievances, probably also Service grievances. We will not assume that they were troubled, as we are, by the inertia and negations of the Government when it faces the issues raised by the Beveridge, Uthwatt, Barlow and Scott reports and by the problem of the coal mines. Were they disturbed, as we are, by the dismal record in foreign policy in Italy, Yugoslavia and Greece? Were they worried by the knowledge that liberated Italy is hungry and that it is soon to be handed over to Victor Emmanuel and Badoglio? Have they a doubt whether the leader who has the will to win the war has also the wisdom to win the peace? That we do not assume. But for reasons of their own, which may be wholly different from ours, they felt uneasy about the political conduct of this Government, and took the obvious remedy.

Brighton does not stand alone. In two pending by-elections also the unreal conventions of the party truce are visibly in tatters. Under its cover in West Derbyshire the Cavendish family claimed for Lord Hartington the hereditary seat, much as it might have done in the last century when Trollope described the feudal politics of ducal and Victorian England in *Phineas Finn*. That challenge was too much for the local Labour Party; its adopted candidate resigned his membership and stood as an Independent with Common Wealth support. In Bury St. Edmunds Mrs. Corbett Ashby, one of the best speakers the Liberal Party possesses, gave an even more remarkable display of independence by resigning from the National Executive of her party in order to defy the truce and contest the seat. Here for the first time since 1941 the Communists—always the most inflexible supporters of the political truce—are backing an Independent candidate. What happens in these two cases will be of the first importance and may be decisive. The truce has become a fiction: if the electors of these two constituencies should prove to be as restless and rebellious under it as those of Brighton, how much will be left of it? Tacitly, we should guess, it may be agreed that it shall bind the two Front Benches, while the rest of us emancipate ourselves from its rusty shackles.

The broad conclusion from all that has been happening in the constituencies is that we cannot much longer suspend the normal working of representative government without grave danger. How much the Labour Party has risked by its loyalty, we all know: it is possible that the Tory Party, always the more disciplined of the two, is risking only a little less. In both the average man has endured the frustration of these years of war almost as long as he can bear it. His impatience with "the machine" and his indifference to the older leaders may be salutary if they bring their chance to groups and to younger men who may have something fresh to say. The leadership we should welcome will come from below—from the constituencies and preferably from young men, who have faced the realities of war in their own persons. We wish we could believe that the Labour Party is as anxious to attract the active minds of the younger generation as Common Wealth is.

Much depends on the attitude of official Labour towards the other groups of the Left. They are, as we see it, salutary and even necessary. They reflect traditions and attract strata of opinion which do not easily merge in the Labour Party, though it will always be the main body of the progressive forces. The best hope for the next election lies in the growth of a spirit of tolerance and co-operation among all the progressive groups. It could be reached by a working agreement between Labour, Common Wealth and the Liberals. We doubt, too, whether Labour will long be able to refuse the proffered help of Communists. But agreements of that sort are always hard to reach; they are unpopular with the active militants in every party and they are open to the charge that they involve some surrender of principle. One way to render them unnecessary would be to reform our crude electoral system, by proportional representation or the alternative vote. Mr. Greenwood's demand that the electorate must take shelter under one or other of two party umbrellas is the voice not of democracy but of the machine. If he persists in it and thwarts the hope of reform, he may find that the younger generation, disfranchised since 1935, will despair of democracy, while the system he is perpetuating favours, as it usually has favoured, the cause of property and inertia.

More Russian Victories

Time gained by the Germans in their retreat on the Eastern Front is being bought at an increasingly heavy price. In the North the routed German 18th Army appears to have evaded the threat of encirclement north-east of Luga and to be falling back to a line based on Lake Peipus, its rearguards hard pressed by the advancing troops of the Leningrad Army. The focal point, however, of the war in the East lies in the south; and there the Russians, resuming their offensive, have won three resounding victories. The armies under General Vatutin have struck west; with the capture of Rovno and Luck, their advance establishes a threat both to Lvov and Brest-Litovsk. Farther east the German attempt to hold a long salient with its tip on the Dnieper between Kanyev and Cherkassy has met with disaster. According to Russian claims, no less than ten divisions of the German 8th Army are encircled round Korsun, with little chance of escape. Still farther east the 6th German Army has been decisively routed as a result of a Russian offensive against the rear of the Nikopol bridgehead; and Nikopol itself, with its important manganese mines, has fallen. Though there are no definite indications yet that the great group of German armies in the south has begun a general retreat to the Dniester, it seems increasingly clear that the whole of von Manstein's forces will have to fall back into Rumania before the winter is out; and, in view of losses already incurred, the Germans' ability to make a protracted stand on the Dniester itself may be seriously impaired.

What is Woolton's Job ?

What is Lord Woolton doing? It is clearly not intended to equip him with any considerable staff, or to make the "Ministry of Reconstruction" into anything resembling a real Ministry. There are to be four or five Civil Servants, including a part-time economist who is also working for another department; but that seems to be all that is contemplated at present. This evidently means that the existing policy of leaving reconstruction to be planned almost entirely through the regular Government departments remains unchanged. It is true that reconstruction problems cannot be separated from other problems; and the various departments will have to be mainly responsible for the execution of reconstruction projects in their several fields. There are, however, a great many problems which either do not belong to any existing department or lap over so many as to make it disastrous to split them up. Among them are such problems as social security, water supply, the rebuilding of blitzed areas, the planning of industrial location, and the general problems of land use dealt with in the Uthwatt and Scott Reports. About the housing problem the Government is clearly scared. Lord Portal, in the House of Lords on Tuesday, announced an emergency policy of State-licensed building on sites quickly to be prepared. What troubles us here is the choice of sites without any national plan for the location of industry, the public ownership or planning of the unbuilt areas of England. None of these problems can be handled departmentally, but neither can they possibly be handled by Lord Woolton and his staff of five.

Rehabilitation

At last one Bill dealing with reconstruction has gone through its stages in the House of Commons —affording Mr. Bevin an incidental chance of treading hard on a back-bench Tory who attempted to get in the way. This Bill deals with the restoration of disabled persons, wherever they can be restored, to working efficiency either in their old or in alternative jobs. By itself, the Bill will not go far. Rehabilitation and re-training will be needed by very many men and women to whom its provisions will not apply. It must not be made an excuse for whittling down the ampler provision made for these essential services in the Beveridge Report. But it is a good Bill, as far as it goes; and at least we can say that the Government have now tackled one post-war problem out of the hundreds which ought to have been tackled by now. Too long has this country, in its provision for the social services, lagged behind others in making no effective provision for rendering the unfit or the disabled fit again for useful work.

Tory Gerrymandering ?

Can it be true that the Labour Party has agreed to be represented in the Speaker's Conference on electoral reform on a basis corresponding to its strength in the present Parliament? Such a basis would give the Tories a large majority, even apart from any group from the House of Lords. The House of Commons, elected in 1935, cannot possibly be trusted as representing rightly the present state of public opinion; and it is entirely unjust and inconsistent with the conditions of Coalitions, as we understand them, for the Tories to use their war-prolonged majority to force electoral changes which suit them at the expense of other parties. Surely the Labour Party ought to insist on full equality with the Tories as a necessary condition of taking any part in the Conference, which will be settling the conditions, not only for the vital post-war election, but also presumably for some time to come. In view of Tory behaviour over recent by-elections, it is only sensible to suppose that the Tories will seize every chance they can to rig electoral conditions in their own favour. But surely the Labour Party leaders, in and out of the Government, will not fall for so obvious a trap as the rigging of the Speaker's Conference?

Post-war Europe

Occupied Europe (published by Chatham House) is a useful summary of the economic organisation of Europe under Hitler. It tells in studiously moderate language a familiar tale; its effect is to leave the reader with an appalling picture of the work of relief and reconstruction that will have to be done when the war ends. Leaving aside for the moment the more immediate tasks of rushing food to the starving, and scotching the diseases attendant on under-nourishment, we are forced to ask about such matters as the transport system, which, when the Hitler mechanism has been destroyed, will be in a far worse case than it was in 1918; about the rebuilding of towns; and, most difficult perhaps of all, the problems set by the grim fact that already some 20 million people have been moved from one part of Europe to another. UNNRA, we are well aware, is preparing to tackle some of these problems. But its published decisions suggest that it intends to deal with international problems on a national basis and to allow the pressure of national Governments to make bargains about the amount of relief needed in their own countries. The whole problem of "reconstruction" has been dropped and presumably left to the tender mercies of exclusive national or private enterprise. Unrevised, we doubt whether such a system will meet more than the first needs of food or medicine or that it will long survive. This Chatham House pamphlet modestly asks whether it would not be wise to keep in being for the benefit of all some of the advantages of international mechanism invented by Hitler for the sole benefit of Germany. Those who are interested in a more hopeful approach that would prevent Europe relapsing into an anarchy of impoverished and struggling welter of Balkanised nations should read side by side with this pamphlet Mr. David Mitrany's *A Working Peace System*.

Censorship

A comic and rather sinister example of censorship occurred in London this week. Obviously, when the United States and Soviet Ambassador and Mr. Strang meet as a Committee to advise on the many United Nations topics not decided at Moscow or Teheran, they must do so in strict privacy. They could not do their job if their deliberations were the subject of public comment. But the topics which they discuss can be listed by any moderately informed person. Mr. Hull himself has just told a not very surprised world that among those topics are the Armistice terms which Germany will some day or other have to accept. There can be no harm in American or other responsible correspondents saying as much or cabling a list of subjects which must, in the nature of things, be considered by this Commitee. We have noted more than once a tendency to extend the necessary secrecy about military affairs to political and post-war issues which can never be well solved unless they have been fully discussed by a properly informed public. This hush-hush tendency should be resisted by every journalist who is conscious of his public responsibility. In general, British censorship has worked well in the war, but we are not reassured when we learn two new Foreign Office "advisers" to the Censorship have been appointed.

PARLIAMENT : Marathon Committee

Wednesday afternoon

It looks as if the Committee stage of the Education Bill might run on until almost the Easter Recess. At the beginning of the second day of it Members were still in the thick of Clause 4 (Lord Winterton having resourcefully kept the ear of the Committee overnight by saying slowly, with one eye on the clock, that it would be a pity to dispose of the discussion then in progress "at this . . . particular . . . moment"; which happened to be "the hour appointed for the interruption of business"). The discussion thus kept alive concerned the composition of the Central Advisory Councils for Education; some Members wanted to be sure that they would include experts on rural, adult, and various technical branches of education. Major Milner, Deputy-Chairman, had hard work keeping Members within the narrow framework of the amendments; too many of them wanted to favour the Committee with general dissertations on the charm of rural life. This was all on Clause 4. There are 111 clauses in the Bill, and nine schedules and some 400 amendments. Nor have the really contentious clauses been embarked on yet.

Though long, this stage of the Bill is by no means dull. Here and there it will be purely technical; but visitors to the House in the next week or two stand a fair chance of hearing a good impromptu debate on one or other of the many aspects of education. The climax—with the probable excitement of divisions—will be the religious controversy. Catholics, while still paying lip-service to the general masterliness of the Bill, do not hesitate to speak without qualification of fighting it. Others are perturbed by the frequency of the shrewd, business-like new Archbishop of Westminster's recent visits to Butler. The tactic now sponsored by some Anglicans is to press for interest-free loans to enable Church schools to bring themselves up to the required material standard.

Kenneth Lindsay is playing a prominent and useful part in these debates. He led the resistance to an attempt by the reactionary and ovine Sir Joseph Lamb to whittle down the Minister's powers *vis-à-vis* local authorities. A good deal of time was spent in discussing the actual title of Minister and Department. Messer wanted a "Ministry of Education." Just as in the case of the Lord Privy Seal—of whom it can normally be said (though not when Lord Beaverbrook is in this office) that he is neither a lord, nor a privy, nor a seal—so everybody knows that there is, in fact, no board for Butler to preside over, or at. Ivor Thomas quoted Lord Falkland: "If it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change." Some Members felt that it would be a just tribute to the importance of the subject, and the Bill, if the Minister in charge of them were to be elevated to a Secretaryship of State.

Local authorities, employers and others interested in post-war plans should note that two important debates on special aspects of reconstruction took place in the Lords on February 8th (Housing) and in the Commons on February 3rd

(Reinstatement in Civil Employment). The latter was on the Bill to clear up the mess into which the Government were got by their facile pledge, early in the war, that soldiers should be guaranteed their old civilian jobs back. The Bill is well-intentioned and as workmanlike as possible; Major Thorneycroft, a rich, pink, "progressive" young Tory, delivered a frontal attack on it, to which Bevin retorted with a heated comment on Thorneycroft's "overdeveloped ego."

There were several question-time surprises. The Speaker pulled up Bill Astor with a sharp reminder of the fact (new to many Members and repeatedly disregarded) that it is forbidden to introduce in a supplementary matter which has been struck out of the original question. Aneurin Bevan had a sharp brush with Eden and with Peat, who incurred his wrath by saying that it "would not be in the public interest" to disclose details of penicillin factories: this was an outrageous evasion and an "abuse of privilege," stormed Bevan, appealing to the Speaker for protection. The Speaker seemed to think him capable of taking care of himself.

The House learned with distress that a bus had been one hour late in South Wales on January 26th because the driver had overslept; "disciplinary measures" had been taken. Many Tories were eager to proclaim themselves friends of King Victor Emmanuel. Noel-Baker promised to try to prohibit road advertisements (including candidates' faces on hoardings). The First Lord of the Admiralty had to defend the clothing monopoly granted by his contracts department to Messrs. Montague Burton, even when Sir Herbert Williams asked him if he didn't consider it "most unfair" to the Co-ops.—as he indeed might.

PONTIFEX MINOR

FEDERATION AND INDEPENDENCE

WHAT has prompted last week's decision of the Supreme Soviet to revise the Russian Constitution of 1936 and confer greater powers on the constituent Republics of the Union? We know that their rights in the sphere of defence and in external relations are to be extended and that certain practical steps—such as the nomination of Korneichuk as Foreign Commissar for the Ukraine—have already been taken. But in some respects interpretation is still speculative. Are the Communist leaders thinking mainly of internal administration or rather of the political problems of settlement that must come after the Red Army has marched into Poland, the Balkans and Czechoslovakia?

Take the domestic reasons first. Both Mr. Molotov and *Pravda* have made much of the continuity of policy between the new move and the past attitude of the U.S.S.R. towards nationalities. This attitude has been one of Stalin's chief contributions to the development of the U.S.S.R. and also one of the most successful features of the whole Soviet regime. The federated and autonomous Republics have enjoyed a growing measure of control over many aspects of the life of their peoples; they have administered part of their light industry, their agriculture, social welfare, education and the lower branches of the judicial system. All this has of course been within the framework of a unified economic plan. To the federal government in Moscow were reserved all matters of defence, foreign trade and affairs, heavy industry and transport. And this has ensured the survival of the Socialist experiment. Without a strong central authority the hardships of the Five-year Plans, of collectivisation and preparation for this present war, could not have been endured. The Soviet Union would have fallen apart just as the Tsarist empire—which Lenin called a "prison-house of peoples"—broke up under the impact of the 1914-18 war.

The essential structure of the U.S.S.R. is not changed by the present proposals. Whatever the new powers may mean for any particular region, the framework of a single economic system for the whole will be maintained. Moreover, the political link formed by the Communist Party—and presumably the G.P.U.—will continue.

The Soviet leaders may well have been influenced by the loyalty displayed by the peoples of the sixteen major Republics in the crucial test of war. In all of them nationalism is still an unspent force. An increased social consciousness always accompanies the process of speedy industrialisation; every nation has found in its industrial revolution a new desire for self-government and power. As their social development proceeds so their capacity to assume responsibility for their own affairs increases. So long as a central authority exists to co-ordinate their activities, any increase in the power of the separate Republics may be regarded as indication of a further growth of the Soviet Union towards that kind of federation which Socialists have long regarded as the right solution of the problem of nationality.

This is only one interpretation. According to another view, this development is no more than a paper concession induced by external causes. It is suggested that this step is inspired by a desire to give the Soviets sixteen votes instead of one at such gatherings as UNRRA. The diplomatic status of the various Republics would then be comparable to the British Dominions. The *Daily Mirror* confidently announced the change with a headline, "Russia Copies Our Empire." In more modest language we should agree that Stalin may well see the advantages of speaking as head of a team of States and of being able to appoint representatives of particular areas of the U.S.S.R. on to regional or specialist bodies which may be created in the post-war period. As a first example of these diplomatic advantages we note that the Ukraine is already advancing "independent" claims on her western frontier.

Perhaps these changes may be interpreted as a gesture which will help to reconcile opinion in the democracies about the future position of the Baltic States. Of the permanency of their incorporation into the Soviet Union there can be no question; it would ease the diplomatic difficulties if there was some concession about their status. But we should be wrong if we believed that the Soviet leaders regard such a shift of opinion as more than an incidental gain from a move which is evidently the result of long consideration.

What is more likely—especially when we remember the Moscow declaration on Austria, the Czech-Soviet Treaty, the Free Polish and German Committees and the line which the various Communist Parties now follow—is that this is a direct contribution to the struggle now commencing over the future territorial and political shape of Europe. Modern economic and military conditions demand the creation of regional federations, and they make frontiers of little or no account from the standpoint of security. Aircraft fly over frontiers. An effective barrier against aggression to-day must be as wide as the range of the fighter plane. That is why the U.S.S.R. is the only European country which will have a strategic frontier after the war.

It follows from these facts that any sane settlement must be based on the principle of national autonomy within the context of the federation, and that we should aim at some such form for post-war Europe. The conditions are, not that all the States within a federation should be equal, but that they should be bound together too strongly to disintegrate directly there is a conflict of opinion, and yet that they should not be so dominated by any one State that the national feelings of the different States should be outraged. Such an arrangement is difficult to achieve, but not impossible.

Some advance in this direction may be found in the obvious approval with which the Kremlin views the development of popular "National Front" movements. By their nature—if we can prevent the temporary reinstatement of the reactionary puppets of Wall Street and the City—all the now occupied countries will be ruled by more or less revolutionary governments. The recent agreement between Benes and Stalin suggests that the latter is willing to work with moderate representative governments as long as they are not anti-Soviet. Russia needs the close interrelation of her economy with the fields and factories of Central and South-Eastern Europe. It is natural that these countries should turn to her both politically and economically. If, as to-day seems likely, agrarian popular governments should arise in Rumania and Bulgaria, the new proposals from the Kremlin open the way for closer relations with the U.S.S.R. This might mean association without incorporation in the U.S.S.R., or actual affiliation to the existing Union without the suspicion that the tradition of national independence and self-government would be lost by the reduction of important territories to the status of distant provinces of the Moscow government. In fact, the loosening of central authority may turn out to be a much surer means of ensuring the safety of Russia and the extension of Soviet influence than any direct intervention.

If this should be a true interpretation of the mind of Moscow, it offers much saner and brighter prospects for the peace than any which we have yet dared to expect. But it is by no means certain. How things turn out depends very largely upon the moderation of the Soviet leaders. It is at this point that many sincere admirers of the economic, social and constitutional structure of the Soviet system become anxious about the effects of the advancing influence and power of the U.S.S.R. They were not disturbed by the social revolution or the changes of frontier involved in Russian occupation of the Baltic States or the eastern part of the Poland of 1939. But they could not believe that military exigencies justified the wholesale deportations of individuals and families that were apparently carried out, and they could only explain the decision to treat as enemies many who had a fine record in the struggle for Socialism as the discreditable remnant of an ancient feud. To-day we may reasonably hope that Stalin, who now encourages combined governments of the popular forces in neighbouring countries, and who certainly desires full co-operation with the West in the post-war world, will pay attention to this human aspect of military and diplomatic advance.

The Western nations can teach Moscow little in the sphere of economics or federal structure—certainly nothing in the art of fighting and military organisation. But the West has learnt, through bitter experience, that ruthlessness is not realism. If we have made an important discovery in our long and bloodstained history, it is the social value of tolerance, the wisdom of overlooking much when one is victorious, the political utility of compromise. The U.S.S.R. admitted the full thesis of democratic liberty and civil rights in the Stalin Constitution of 1936. In peace a Constitution may became a reality.

Much, we repeat, depends on the moderation of the Soviet leaders. They have the ruthless courage of men who are aflame with an inner conviction of the justice of their cause and a bitter suspicion of those whom they believe to oppose it. They have a long and grim history which has never, until now, led to the discovery that democrats may be genuine Socialists or that peoples with a bourgeois tradition of freedom may turn out to be friends of the Soviet Union. Hope lies in the combination of candour and good will. It is the task of those who will be borne to power on the crest of popular insurrection in Europe as well as of democratic opinion here and in the United States to convince Stalin that even when we stand firmly by our tradition of tolerance and civil liberty, we are no less determined and no less genuine in our desire for friendship and collaboration with the U.S.S.R.

TO-MORROW'S COAL

The position throughout the country from the angle of coal supplies is not getting any better, but to some extent worse. . . . For the seven weeks ended January 15th . . . we are 225,000 tons worse off than was intended.

—Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Fuel, in House of Commons, February 8th.

WHILE coal consumption continues to outrun production, the mining industry remains in an uneasy state of suspended hostilities. The disputes which arose immediately out of the Porter award are being argued about locally between the representatives of miners and owners, and the Ministry of Fuel and Power is standing by to await the outcome. The Ministry has done a lot of standing by since it was set up; indeed it has never done much except watch the coal output decline. It has never possessed even the rudiments of a constructive policy for dealing with the industry and its problems.

Certainly its task has been hard. It has tried to work within the limitation that nothing must be done to upset the fundamental structure of the industry, or to prejudice a full resumption of authority by the colliery owners after the war. Such a limitation might be consistent with a reasonable level of efficiency under war conditions in an industry which was essentially in sound condition before the war; and a control merely superimposed on the pre-war structure might in such a case work tolerably well in terms of delivering the goods. That is, in effect, what has happened in a number of the food-producing trades, in the chemical industry, and doubtless in other cases. But the coal industry obviously was not in a sound state before the war. It was technically ill-organised; industrial relations in it were notoriously bad; and it had behind it twenty years of mismanagement and evasion of essential problems of reorganisation. How could a control merely superimposed on the pre-war structure be expected to work well in such an industry? It was necessary, in order to get it organised for the tasks of war, to enforce extensive measures of technical reorganisation that were long overdue, to clear up the big outstanding causes of friction between owners and miners, and somehow to breathe into the workers a spirit of hope and confidence in the future.

All these fundamental issues have been, and are still being simply shirked. The miners, leaders and rank and file together, are by now for the most part just cynical. They have given up hope of anything being done to put the industry on a sound footing; and they try to make the best of a bad job by combining exhortations to one another to stick to it in the national interest with pressure for higher wages, as about the only thing they can press for when all other avenues of advance are blocked. The owners, for their part, just obstruct all changes as far as they can, because they regard all changes as either steps towards nationalisation or examples of "giving in to the men"—and such "giving in" is contrary to the authoritarian principles in which they have been brought up. The consequence is a "dual control" which involves duplicating every piece of administrative machinery, setting owners' men to watch miners' men and miners' men to watch owners' men at every point, and generally setting two or three people to do the work of one, and to get in one another's way in doing it. The Ministry itself reflects this dualism: it is split down the middle between a department and a control, and lacks all effective unity.

Can one wonder if, in these circumstances, despite the installation of more and more American mining machinery, the general position in the coalfields gets worse and worse? The repeated local strikes are not really due in the main to the specific grievances alleged—some of which could be dealt with without any need to strike. They are due to a deep-seated lack of confidence. Weariness plays its part in them. The miners' work has been very arduous, and the physical weariness plays upon frayed nerves and sullen tempers.

For this attitude tinkering with pit bonuses and national minima is no adequate cure. The miners' case cannot be met solely in terms of cash. One of the things needed to eradicate the deep-seated *malaise* from which the industry is suffering is to make the workers believe that the mines are "their" mines, or at least that they are worked by them for the community and not for mineowners' profit. Nationalisation, therefore, is the only enduring solution.

To that solution Parliament must ultimately come. Meanwhile, however, the Prime Minister's ban on "controversial" changes still stands. Within the limitations of that ban can anything be done to save the country from shivering during the final phases of the war? It would be at least worth exploring the results of giving the miners a definite pledge about post-war employment.

In this field it is relevant to note that, whereas ever since 1920 the industry has suffered from heavy unemployment, there is not likely after the war to be any surplus of mining labour; there may even be a serious shortage. This simple fact points the way to a hopeful line of approach. What haunts the miners, as a result of their twenty years' experience, is above all else the fear of unemployment and of being thrown on the scrap-heap when they can no longer hold their own in the fierce competition for jobs. This fear will not be driven out by mere argument—by showing that there is more likely to be a shortage than a surplus of skilled mining labour. It is too deeply ingrained to yield to mere words. But it could be exorcised, and that at little cost, by giving to the whole body of miners a firm guarantee of regular employment after the war—that is, a guaranteed minimum weekly wage and a guaranteed standard of income, coupled with a special provision of retiring pensions, for those who claim them, at an earlier age than is made applicable to the general run of insured workers. The special character of the miners' calling, and the past record of the industry, would justify exceptional treatment.

The colliery owners would, of course, argue that any concession of this sort to the miners would mean placing upon them an obligation which it might prove beyond their power to bear. If the mines were to be left in private ownership, it would be necessary to allow the owners to recoup themselves, by way of the price of coal, for any excess costs which they could prove to be involved. But there is nothing new in this. The Act of 1930 in effect gave the owners the power to pass on cost-increases to the public. Clearly, the consumers, if they are to accept such an obligation, have in their turn the right to assure themselves that the industry is well managed both in its productive and on its distributive side, and that the price of coal to them is not inflated by unnecessary costs. Such a guarantee as has been suggested therefore carries with it the necessity for continued control over the industry—including, under conditions of peace, a determined attempt to bring down the costs of distribution. This is, in effect, the only (and very temporary) alternative to immediate nationalisation.

A LONDON DIARY

SATURDAY is the tenth anniversary of the Fascist *coup d'état* in Austria. Looking back to-day, even the most convinced Chamberlainite must now see it as a link in the chain that led to the Anschluss, Spain, Munich and this war. But how many of us remember the international intrigues of which the internal struggle in Austria was only a part? Austrian democracy was actually destroyed by clerical-Fascist groups who claimed that they wanted an "independent" Austria; but it is known that they received both encouragement and arms from Mussolini. The secret equipment of Austrian Fascism, like that of the Hungarian army, went on for a number of years. Both were part of a general scheme to consolidate reaction in Central Europe; a plan that continued in spite of differences between the pro-Italian and pan-German elements. Italy (with the consent of the German generals) was to supply Horthy's Hungary in preparation for an attack on the Czechs, and provide the arms for the Austrian Heimwehr to crush its own people. As such deliveries were a violation of the Peace Treaties she had herself signed, they were carried out secretly, machine-guns and rifles being consigned as scrap iron, pianos or what not. How was all this arranged? Prince Starhemberg, von Seeckt (then Commander-in-Chief of the German army) and the Hungarian Minister Gömbös had met near Budapest in 1930. From then onwards, at various times and in different capitals, the plans were revised and renewed. Dollfuss met Gömbös; Mussolini met Gömbös; or Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl (the Austrian armament king) met Gömbös. Always, you see, General Gömbös was the chief go-between. He was the man who fervently believed in the "Rome-Berlin Axis" (a phrase he coined), and it was he who as Hungary's "Vezer," or Führer, assumed the task of mediation whenever necessary between Italy, Austria and Germany.

* * *

A Hungarian refugee, the Socialist Koloman Wallisch, first exposed this three-cornered arms traffic. In January of 1933 he proved that forty truckloads of arms had been brought from Italy, part intended for Austria and part for Hungary. Though this was only a small part of the Italian deliveries of arms, the revelation put the Dollfuss Government in a difficult position. G. E. R. Gedye wrote of this incident in *Fallen Bastions*: "France and Britain tried to hush up the scandal, but Czechoslovakia, always afraid of Hungarian rearmament, insisted upon it being brought before the League . . . the Dollfuss Government held a whitewashing enquiry and had the audacity to declare that the trucks held 'goods in transit,' and that 'it was impossible to ascertain what they contained.'" It then gave assurances that the illegally imported arms would be returned to Italy, but on February 24th the head of the Austrian railway workers' union revealed that a large bribe had been offered to him to divert the trucks to Hungary. "This shook the position of Dollfuss, but in the end he stayed—and so did the rifles." It seems probable that it was this exposure that finally induced Mussolini to insist upon the suppression of the Austrian Social-Democrats.

* * *

Officially the Nazis describe "Youth Arrest" as an "educational measure." In reality it is one of the chief weapons in the fight against opposition groups amongst German youth. The first account of the inside of a youth prison is given in a South German paper by a Nazi reporter who was permitted to visit the building in order to explain its educational value. The place is a former prison. "Adult prisoners were previously confined here. The very heavy double doors with martial locks and bolts still bear witness to this. One lock after another is opened. Every door is locked up as are cells, of course. . . . But these surroundings are suitable for the educational purpose which youth arrest intends to achieve. The young people are all kept in solitary confinement. There are also girls. Girls' cells have one more piece of furniture than the boys'—a mirror. When the *Oberwachtmeister* opens the cell door and "shouts attention, the boy gives the German salute, reports his name, the duration of the arrest and the reason for his punishment." Most of the boys are "boys who refuse to work." These prisoners, the Nazi report remarks hopefully, "may find their way back to life after this healthy cure." But there is at least one boy who, presumably, will not: "His sunken, unsteady eyes show that he is an indoctrinated fanatic—his answers also show a deplorable religious madness originating from the influence of his family."

* * *

A wise letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury pleading for the preservation of Rome, even at the loss of some temporary advantage, has produced an extremely interesting correspondence in the *Times*. Which are more important to

preserve, human lives or great works of art? Put the question like that and most people will not hesitate to answer "human lives." Yet in a hundred years time people will not care whether you and I died at thirty or eighty, and they will care whether the Sistine Chapel is still intact. We do think that some things are more important than human life or we should not now be at war. Is great art one of these things? A common answer is, "We are fighting this war for the future, not for the past." Exactly; and for this reason we owe it to posterity not to deprive them of the enrichment that comes from the supreme manifestations of the human spirit. In the *Times* Sir John Squire supported the Archbishop against the obvious arguments. So, in a courageous letter, did Lord Esher, whose son is a gifted architect now in the Army. "My life and my son's life are of less value to the world than the paintings of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel." The only logical answer to this is that conceivably the man who sacrifices his life to preserve a building may be a greater artist than Michael Angelo. In fact, most of us accept Lord Esher's contention. Or why was there universal applause when men risked their lives to remove an unexploded bomb from St. Paul's Cathedral?

* * *

The young American officer (writes a correspondent who guarantees the truth of both these stories) spending a week-end leave with some friends of mine was charming—quiet, cultured, and with exquisite manners. He came from Virginia. Showing him the sights of their little town they observed that he never acknowledged the salutes of the negro soldiers. They ventured to ask him why, but for answer he only smiled and they had not the temerity to pursue the matter, nor to put a second question which continues to torment them—namely, what his reaction would have been if a single negro soldier had omitted to salute him.

* * *

A few days later the same friends were in the local stationers-cum-toy-shop-cum-lending library when a coal-black private of the American Army entered, and inquired if there were any books for sale. The old assistant pointed out a shelf of dreary-looking novels, which the soldier briefly inspected. There then ensued the following dialogue, to which my friends listened entranced:

Soldier: "No. Not that kind of trash."

Assistant (a little flustered): "Well—what sort of books are you wanting?"

Soldier: "Poetry."

Assistant (rummaging in a dusty corner): "We have some Shakespeare. Would you be interested in him? *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*."

Soldier: "Thanks, but I know those two almost by heart."

Assistant (rummaging again and producing two more dilapidated volumes): "I'm afraid we have nothing else but these—Robert Burns and Dante Gabriel Rossetti."

Soldier (smiling): "Rabbie Burns! What a poet! As for Rossetti, I did a thesis on him in college."

Assistant (verging on apoplexy): "Just what particular poet have you in mind?"

Soldier: "Donne. I've lost the copy I brought from back home and I can't get along without it. Can you get him for me quick?"

Assistant (feebly): "Don? What Don? Don't recollect the name. Wouldn't be a Spanish gentleman?"

Soldier (dejectedly turning to go): "Thanks a lot. I wasn't thinking of Don Quixote, but of an English gentleman with a similar sort of name."

* * *

That the duties and problems of AMGOT are both responsible and unexpected I gather from the following story that reaches me from a young officer in the Italian theatre of war:

> Yesterday we went through something of a crisis, as a peasant woman had a baby in the outer office, causing my young Scots Lance-Corporal and the American enlisted man the most acute embarrassment. However, we got hold of a midwife, and the office was shut down. It later turned out that the good woman believed that her child would be a British subject if born in my office. Cost of the midwife, which the woman couldn't pay, never having heard of such a luxury, I have entered in my books as "Reconstruction." Our carabinieri has been duly warned not to admit any further cases of this nature.

* * *

A correspondent sends me this true story which is in itself sufficient comment on our civilisation:—

> A little boy of eleven, taken to a pantomime for the first time in his life, remarked with some astonishment to his mother: "Just fancy! It's all in Technicolour!"

* * *

An American journalist, I'm told, had a heated argument with a British Minister recently. (Wild horses would not make me divulge which Minister.) The journalist lost his temper and said: "Everything about you is phoney. Even your hair, which looks false, is actually your own."

CRITIC

CO-BELLIGERENT?

THE halt in our march upon Rome
Too easily daunts and dismays us,
As War Office spokesmen at home
Set out to explain what delays us;
The Appian Way is no distance,
If we're not yet securely astride,
And we know, if in need of assistance,
Badoglio fights on our side.

His ex-Fascist troops we employ,
Renowned for their deathless audacity,
And resolved for the House of Savoy
To die with the utmost tenacity.
Their gallantry, dash and endurance
Add strength to the forces Allied,
We slog on with the heartening assurance
Badoglio fights on our side.

Though the battle has gone rather worse
Since Badoglio stood Rome's defender,
And our armies have met with reverse
Ever since the Italian surrender,
Our High Command's high expectation
Has been in the main justified—
As we struggle for Rome's liberation,
Badoglio fights on our side.

Palermo we took on our own;
We took Naples in spite of the weather;
We drove on from Salerno alone,
But at Anzio we're sticking together.
The climate throughout has been rotten,
And setbacks cannot be denied,
But now, it must not be forgotten,
Badoglio fights on our side.

The Marshal's belligerent aid
Has given such full satisfaction
That interest has not been displayed
In the sphere of political action;
But while our strategic intention
Must everything else override,
It ought to be worthy of mention
That Italy is on our side.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Joan Douglas.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Colonel John Gretton's peerage has come late in life for a rich man who has such a high standing in the Conservative party and has done so much for the Royal Navy.—*The Lynn Advertiser.*

Air raid wardens at one East Anglian village were, it is alleged, "too busy" to deal with bombs or casualties during a recent raid on their village. They were receiving instruction in first aid and apparently a regulation prohibited them from leaving the lecture room though incendiary bombs burned furiously in the centre of the village.—*Romford Times.*

While in Chorlton-on-Medlock Constable E. Parrott met a man carrying a box, in which he found 16 lb. of pork and a microscope valued at £20.

The man told the magistrates that the microscope would have been very useful at sea in trying to spot submarines, and he felt certain his captain would have willingly paid for it.—*Evening Chronicle.*

They also asked for a woman expert representative on the Board's advisory corset panel, which is at present composed entirely of men.—*News Chronicle.*

Governors of Fishguard (Pembs) County School are divided on the question of bare-legged teachers.

Said one governor (a man): "Pupils have to wear stockings, but teachers go with bare legs. There can be no discipline."—*Sunday Express.*

VENGEANCE

"I feel terrible sometimes when I think what those poor bastard women and kids must be going through. I only hope that what they say is right and all the kids have been evacuated." (Man, Artisan Class, Age 55.)

"Lovely—smash 'em up." (Woman, Working Class, Age 50.)

WHEN the boot was on the other foot, Mass-Observation units visited most of the major blitzed towns of Britain immediately after big raids. Particular attention was paid to spontaneous feelings about reprisals. It was regularly found that, after a blitz, people in bus, street and pub seldom talked of getting their own back on German civilians. At the end of 1940 we reported from a town where investigation had been in progress before the raid:

> Before their own raid the people of A were very interested in the damage done at B, a neighbouring industrial town, and were very belligerent, demanding reprisals. But since the raid this has dropped entirely. No mention was heard of any demand for violent action.

This was typical. Popular feeling about our raids on Germany must be viewed against this background. In London at present, out of every ten people roughly six give unqualified verbal approval to the raids; two say they are necessary, but express major qualms about their effects on the civilian population; one feels they are too terrible to give approval (though few go so far as wanting them stopped); and one is unable to give any definite opinion. A gloating or vengeful attitude is rare even among those who give unqualified assent. Much more common is this type of feeling:

> I think it's the finest thing out. It will shorten the war.
>
> They didn't think twice when they bombed us and we've got to do the same. All's fair in love and war.
>
> The more the better I say. I want to see the business over, and how we do it I don't care.

By December, 1943, about one person in six gave bombing as the factor which they thought would bring about the end of the war. It is, of course, considerably more widely believed that bombing will *shorten* the war, and this is the most usual reason for approval of our raids.

But nearly one person in four expresses feelings of uneasiness or revulsion. Typical remarks of this sort:

> Nothing else to be done, but I really hate the idea of it all.
>
> I feel very sorry for the civvies—but what can you do, they started it?
>
> We've nothing to shout about. We've got to get the war over, that's about all.
>
> It makes me feel sick. Dreadful. You read in the papers there are so many planes in the sky that there's not room for them to turn round. It's terrible. But that doesn't mean I want them turned off.

A few falter like this:

> I think they could find some better way—I suppose it's a necessity.
>
> It makes me feel a bit sick, but I suppose they're

necessary. Oh, I don't know. I don't see how they can *possibly* be necessary.

Very few people *like* the idea of these raids; very few indeed want them stopped. They are widely regarded as an unpleasant necessity, seldom as a just retribution for the raids Britain has suffered. But this does not mean that there is little desire for retribution in any form. The desire is there, and has been since war began. The problem is how to canalise it in the most constructive (or least destructive) direction.

On eight occasions since the end of 1940 people have been asked what they think should be done with Germany after the war. Little significant change in general ideas has taken place over the period. Roughly speaking, about one in three base their ideas on revenge; a similar proportion feel that Germany should be prevented from ever making war again; about one in five offer constructive proposals of various kinds, and the rest have no ideas. The first two groups overlap considerably. Ideas for dismembering Germany are often preventive in intention. On the other hand, some put it like this:

> They should be cut up in small States and no mercy shown. Look at the millions of young lives that have been destroyed because of them.
>
> Wiped off the map good and proper.
>
> Smash them—annihilate the lot.
>
> I'd like to see it broken up into smaller States and shared out to the countries who have been involved in the war.

This question evokes far more vindictive feeling than is produced by our bombing raids. Yet the distinction between German people and Nazis is still widely felt, often explicit. An interesting reflection of the depth of guilt felt about bombing *people* is afforded by the extent to which men and women still manage to believe that we are bombing only military targets.

Few people think that the crimes of war should be visited on the ordinary citizens of Germany; our raids only rarely evoke the attitude that we are getting our own back for what ordinary citizens suffered here. But take the question a step further from the personal, and you find that about one person in three will contemplate punishing the nation, the abstract group.

The third step is the problem of war criminals. Here we are dealing with individuals remote from the ordinary, most difficult for ordinary people to identify with *themselves*. Feeling about how those accused of being war criminals should be treated is quite different from feeling about bombing Germany or dealing with her after the war. Only about one person in four mentions the desirability of a trial in his answer, and some of these implicitly prejudge the issue:

> They should be tried and hanged like they have in Russia.

About the same number simply say they should be punished, some suggesting that the punishment should be made to fit the crime:

> Give them the same form of punishment as they gave to the peoples of occupied Europe.

But the most significant difference is the large group who want war-criminals hung, shot or tortured. About three in ten gave answers like "I think they should be put up against the wall and shot"; and about one in ten suggested a slow, painful death, torture, cutting up in pieces, etc. As an old working woman of 60 put it:

> Hanging's too good for them, when you hear of the things they have done. About those children, just tied together and run down with machines—oh, it's terrible. You can't bear to think of it, can you? I should keep them in dungeons without much food and water; let them have time to think, that's best I think. After all, if you hang them—well, it's too quick, they're dead and don't know about it. Let them live alone with their conscience, I say.

The Moscow Conference declaration on war criminals of November 2, 1943, was very widely approved, practically the only criticism being the suggestion that nothing would come of it in the end. This is a widespread fear. People feel that the big war criminals are getting off without punishment—Hess, Badoglio and Mussolini are mentioned in this connection in various investigations on the subject. Some focus for the latent wish for punishment seems desirable if it is not easily to be transferred at some later date to acceptance of a less constructive form of national vengeance, or turned inward to our own leaders.

War criminals fill the bill in present mood. But it is the leaders, not the small fry, whom the men and women of this country particularly feel should be punished, and whose possible escape is a cause of anxiety. This desire and this anxiety fit in with the general pattern of contemporary feeling about home affairs. It is the "they" groups here—the people who tell *us* what to do, but who are widely felt to be beyond *our* control—whose activities are increasingly felt to be frustrating popular aspirations.

For better or for worse, the principle of retribution has been let loose now beyond the possibility of retraction. It has taken its place among the other post-war promises which have punctuated the war years. People have seen many damp squibs fizzle into silence, and it is already widely believed that the trial and punishment of war-criminals, too, is only a paper plan. Some may think it better that it should remain so. But there are two basic human factors which must be considered now the principle has been admitted. If the top layer of war criminal escapes trial now, it will look to thousands of ordinary men and women as if the makers and leaders of wars on either side have some mutual bond of sympathy.

Eventual trial might at least help to relieve the growing feeling that "they," anywhere and everywhere, are inviolable. A really firm belief that genuine war criminals are going to be brought to book, and not only by Russia, might go far towards producing a more constructive attitude towards the future of the German people.

MASS-OBSERVATION

AUSTRIA'S FUTURE

For the greater part of this war Austria has remained a mystery. Those whose business it is to collect and examine the information that comes to our hands about the occupied countries of Europe will tell you that Austria is, comparatively speaking, a blank on the map, though the capture of Austrian prisoners during the last eight or nine months has made it clear that there is a strong feeling among the Austrian troops of *difference* from the remainder of the Reichswehr, and a marked indifference to the whole war enterprise. But what about the Austrian home front? There have been strikes, verified, and rumours of strikes in the territory of the former Republic; there has been illegal opposition to the Nazis on a scale that the officially acknowledged executions lead one to believe to be far more extensive than in the rest of Greater Germany; but all this evidence, until recently at any rate, is slight compared with what we know about what goes on in, say, Greece or Norway.

This lack of adequate information no doubt inspired the vagueness and cautionary tone of the Moscow declaration about Austria. It is up to the Austrians themselves to show, by anti-Nazi and anti-German behaviour, that they are deserving of a magisterial Allied pat-on-the-head. But however big or little the prizes they may win at the Peace Conference, the Moscow declaration settled certain aspects of their future in a very definite way, and cleared the road for some hard constructive thinking.

It is clear, first of all, that the Moscow Conference has ruled out the possibility of Austria forming part of an hypothetical democratic Germany in the future. The Anschluss, creation of Hitler, though the declared aim less than a quarter of a century ago of Austrian Social-Democrats, is to be rubbed out. A new attempt is to be made to form an independent state out of the German-speaking rump of the former Habsburg Empire, relying presumably on the slender sense of nationhood evolved during the years between 1918 and 1938, and the generally admitted cultural and historical distinctions that separate the German lands governed by Vienna from those farther North. The Moscow Conference has also ruled out, it seems fairly certain, any *close* federation between states in the Danube basin, though some modification of sovereignty, in the economic sense at least, may have been in the minds of those who worded the declaration.

What of the Habsburgs, who undoubtedly still have influential friends in both this country and America, in spite of the fiasco of the Habsburg-led "Austrian Battalion"? No hints on this point were dropped by the three Foreign Ministers. The Czechs, however, who are bound to have an important say in the reshaping of Central Europe, have made it clear on numerous occasions, and through their most authoritative spokesmen, that they do not propose to tolerate a Habsburg restoration. In this, as in so many other matters, they now have the backing of the Russians. A recent issue of *War and the Working Class* contained an article on the subject, in which the following significant paragraph occurred: "When an unsolicited champion of Austria like 'Otto of Habsburg,' the well-known claimant to the 'throne,' seeks to exonerate the Austrians by disclaiming their responsibility for participation in Hitlerite Germany's robber war, he merely betrays a hidden reactionary desire to curtail the development of the liberation struggle of the Austrian people, which may lead to the establishment of a democratic regime in Austria." This is emphatic; and as far as foreign politics go it means good-bye to those dreams of an Austro-Hungarian link-up under a Habsburg Prince which still enchant the nights of some planners and schemers in the West.

Nor were any hints dropped about the actual frontier delimitation of future Austria. Four minor problems, however, will have to be faced in this sphere. There is the Burgenland dispute with Hungary; the status of the Slovenians in southern Carinthia; the problem of South Tirol, which inflamed the historic antipathy of Austrians and Italians so much between the wars; and the newer problem of those German districts of south-western Czechoslovakia which came to Austria after Munich. Austria's future relations with her neighbours may depend more than might at first sight appear on the tact and understanding with which these problems are handled by the frontier-makers of the peace.

Whatever may be settled about precise frontiers, somehow or other, we now know, an independent Austria of democratic evolution is to appear on the post-Hitler map of Europe. This state is to be made a going concern, and an important centre of that other German culture denied by the Nazis. These are very laudable objectives which must delight anyone who believes, as I do, in the strong individuality, decency, and the high cultural potentialities of the majority of the Austrian people. But how is it to be achieved?

In spite of what many well-meaning émigré propagandists have asserted, the Austrian Republic was *not* a going concern. Her grotesque lack of economic balance left her at the mercy of every recession in the trade cycle, she had to appeal to the other Powers for loan after loan, she supported a tragic volume of urban unemployment and rural destitution, and the improvement in her position after 1936 was almost entirely due to the abnormal world armaments boom, in which her highly equipped factories and workshops had begun to share. The structural fault was, at bottom, this: the collapse of the Habsburg Empire had left German Austria a mainly mountainous country with a comparatively small population of six and a half millions, nearly one-third of which was concentrated in Vienna, a capital city which had grown as the administrative, political and cultural centre of an empire of fifty millions. That is common knowledge among students of Central Europe. That is why the visitor to the Republic, if he took the trouble to probe a little below the tourist surface, found that Vienna was a city not of care-free gaiety, as the persistent legend depicted it, but of despair. That is why so

many Austrians imagined, when the Nazi flood overwhelmed them, that they might find in the Anschluss a way out of their appalling plight.

Is that appalling plight to return? Much as the Austrians may now regret their Nazi adventure, when they hear the Allies promise them the restoration of their independence, they are bound to ask themselves that question. It is obvious that the victors, by pouring in money, by supporting public works plans—perhaps to rebuild parts of the country that may yet become battlegrounds—by making Tirol and Salzburg holiday and convalescence centres for the whole of Europe under their relief schemes, by assuring at least an artificial market abroad for Austria's industrial products, her leather goods and her timber, can maintain employment and general content—for a time. Sooner or later, however, the new Austria will have to stand on her own legs, and that means, quite simply, that a return to things as they were will be fatal; fundamental changes will have to be made.

It is not my object to examine the various possibilities that may present themselves, nor the likelihood of effective economic agreements between the Danubian states without federation, but rather to delimit the problem we shall have to face. Nevertheless, the more one considers it, the more one is led to the conclusion that the crux of the whole matter is what happens to Vienna; and for two reasons, one positive, one negative. The negative reason is that if this vast and ancient city sinks once more into decay, it will be the certain breeding ground of future trouble. The positive reason is that Vienna is the only city which offers the possibility of building up a strong counter-culture to Berlin. It is a city of mixed races, of international tradition; it has been a home for centuries of theatre, art and music. What is equally important is that, with its position on the Danube and with Central Europe's railways converging on it, it is an ideal administrative centre and a natural place of exchange between the economies of the Danube basin and Balkans on the one hand, and Germany and the West on the other. Merely as the capital city of a small Republic it cannot ever fulfil the great functions which would be so valuable to Europe. What alternative solution is there to Vienna's problem, assuming that a union of Austria with any of her neighbours is no longer practical politics?

I can see only one; and I put it forward only in the most tentative and general way, conscious of the many difficulties that might be encountered. It is that Vienna should be made a Free City politically, within boundaries at least as enlarged as those with which the Nazis sought to placate it; and commercially a Free Port, on a Danube restored to its international regime (one of the few successful experiments of the pre-Hitler years), and for air traffic as well as river traffic. Its status should be put under international guarantees, Russian, British and Czech at least; and, if necessary, commissioners from those Powers should be associated with its administration. Russian and British air and naval forces might be established on the Danube and at Aspern to work with the Viennese state forces. The problem whether the government of the remainder of federal Austria should also be located there, and of that government's relation to the Free City, should not be too difficult to solve, though it needs further elaboration than I have space for here. The countryside in any case would be bound to benefit from Vienna's restored purchasing power. What is important is that some of the major European or even inter-Continental bodies should be housed there, as the first League of Nations was housed in Geneva, giving the Free City a vigorous life of its own. Thus the artistic, commercial and tourist worlds would be attracted to the new European focus. It would be a symbol that the political centre of gravity of this hemisphere has moved East. It would make it possible to honour the German genius without encouraging the German hubris.

JOHN LEHMANN

WHERE MAPS WEAR THIN

The cold serenity of the North, the trackless emptiness of Labrador, that country which challenges the pioneer, was revealed in some measure on the day they suggested the trip in the Norseman. It was little more than a routine trip to most people in the party. We were to return the same night, but we carried, as routine, a rifle and fishing tackle in case we needed to hunt for our meals for a day or so and enough food to cover a period. The Norseman is a handy aircraft, with seats for eight, fitted in this country-side with floats in summer and skis in winter: it is much used by prospectors and traders among the waterways of the North. The object of our present expedition was to choose a site for a signals outpost where a substantial camp could be built for the coming winter. A small schooner was already on her way to the locality with the first workmen and the initial plant. It was a rush job to find the right site and to indicate to them in that unmapped territory exactly where to build. It seemed on the face of it a haphazard enterprise. Then I met Bill, the engineer, and it began to grow on me that nothing was haphazard where Bill was concerned.

Bill has spent his life building and making things. All over the north of Canada he has constructed mining camps, roads, bridges. He has learnt to stand alone in an empty place, or hemmed in by a forest, and to decide on the shape, situation, and amenities of a small town. He is accustomed to several thousand workmen, to oversee their work, to pay, feed, and house them. Nevertheless, his voice is quiet: it seems unlikely that he will ever raise it or need to. His talk cuts clearly and objectively across the sad ballyhoo and obstinate self-appraisement which so often fills the mouth of executives in offices in North America. He is Canadian, and he sees his country whole with the imaginative assessment of facts which engineers enjoy. He recently built an airfield in a hurry. He stepped ashore from a boat on to virgin soil. He had a wharf built; from the wharf a road; from the road a sawmill; from the sawmill timber for huts, quarters, workshops; from these men to clear acres and lay runways. He installed canteens, central heating, showers, hospitals, movie huts. "So to-day," he said, "we're just going to find the right spot for a small station on the same lines, and my men will go ahead where I tell them. Then in a week or so I shall fly over again and see it half finished."

The pilot took the Norseman up into a bright, clean morning, the bay looking spick and span, and the patterns of the airfield like an orderly tribal city in the distance. Names on the map both in Newfoundland and Labrador seem to follow the transient fancies of seafaring men. There was the narrows called "Run by Guess"; there were "White Cockade Island" and "Tumble Down Dick Island." A little man who, in spite of his R.A.F. blue, managed to look like a pirate and was the Norseman's engineer-radio-operator, talked about the fishing tackle and the rifle. Last winter he had been on a trip to take supplies to a party working on a crashed aircraft somewhere on a frozen lake. Persistent snowstorms grounded them for days. The little man led parties to hunt for food. There was nothing to eat but a fox he managed to shoot. "That," he said, "was tougher than tea-shop liver, much tougher." He spent his time flying about in the wilds. "Yesterday we went to salvage spares from a crashed aircraft. The weather closed down suddenly and we landed on a lake and fished. Then we taxied in-shore, tied up, made a fire and cooked our fish. Missed the chips, mind you."

Those clues to urban tastes led to inquiry whether the little man had spent his whole life in the bush. "No, sir, not me. I'm a commercial traveller. South London." He talked about Balham for a bit, then described the best way to shoot caribou.

We landed in a bay in front of the last camp settlement we would be likely to see upon the journey out. Natives, some Eskimos and lumber men greeted us. The little man disappeared at once. "He always goes trading," said the pilot. "He trades everything with everybody in this part of Labrador. Must have a commercial instinct. . . ." How right he was.

Vegetation and trees grew more stunted as we flew north. The maps became vague. There were mountains frozen into ramparts against the sky. Ghostly congregations of icebergs drifted in a freckled sea. Bill indicated the chosen spot on a promontory of bush where trees were large enough to give some protection and where we could see a stream running from the mountain behind. The Norseman came down in a sandy bay, and after we had taxied as near in as we dared we climbed out on to the floats and paddled. It was clear, cold water, and we tried to anchor the aircraft on the sand bed while Bill waded ashore to carry out his survey. Just then a series of small bores rolled in, lifting the Norseman farther and farther up. We jumped off the floats then and held her off, knee deep in the icy water, till the engine was started up. As soon as we got her nose to the swell we jumped on to the floats again and we took off, flying round the promontory where Bill's miniature figure went striding through the bush. There was a better anchorage on the other side, and we paddled close in again and had food—to the little man's disgust without fresh fish. It was quite silent: we watched the procession of the white icebergs out to sea and commiserated with the men who would come to this spot when the camp was built to spend the winter. Bill had it all cut and dried when he joined us. He produced a sketch plan and added all the constructional details to enable them to start. When we were airborne we circled once for a final plan of the lay-out, then set course along the serrated coast in the track of the icebergs to look for the schooner. The little man and myself prepared a wooden box in which the site plan was secured, and very soon afterwards we spotted the schooner with everybody aboard waving frantically. The pilot made a bombing run, and I took hold of the little man's belt. Bracing himself, he held the door open with one foot and, when I pinched him, dropped the box. We circled and watched the schooner pick it up. They steamed off into the sun and we made for a refuelling point. It seems trivial enough, that joy-ride among the icebergs, but its very routine ordinariness was built up on an amazing variety of skill in surveying, in navigation, in piloting, in quick objective decision, in the aptitude of turning oneself from a commercial traveller into a pioneer of the quiet, severe, dangerous North. Pioneering still lives in this century among the spruce trees, the ore-mountains, the quiet waters, in the great white air traffic ways which span the roof of the world.

We flew over a remote settlement of forty houses surrounded by carpets of drying fish in curious patterns; then the trees grew larger again; there were fewer icebergs. We landed with difficulty owing to a strong wind and a rip tide, and were towed to the jetty by "natives" in a launch. It was a lumber settlement. There were natives blinking slit-eyed and cunning. There were husky dogs basking in the late afternoon sun. There were beef sandwiches and pumpkin pie in the lumbermen's canteen hut. I talked to a workman who, of all things in this cool landscape, was a refrigeration specialist. He was going back, he said, at the next opportunity to a big city where people "really appreciate ice." He talked wistfully about gigantic Frigidaires, but bitterly about salmon. "They even smoke the stuff here," he grumbled. "As if we wasn't goddamed sick of it fresh."

JOHN PUDNEY

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 2s. 3d. per line (average 6 words) per insertion. Box numbers 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday, but insertion not guaranteed.
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world, costs: Yearly, 32s. 6d. Six months, 16s. 3d. Three months, 8s. 6d. New subscriptions at present only accepted from overseas readers. *POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland*, 1½d.; *Foreign*, 1d.; *Canada*, 1d.

THE MOVIES

"The Lodger" at the New Gallery

I have missed the thrills of *The Phantom of the Opera*, but encountered Jack the Ripper. He and no other, slightly ennobled, is the hero of *The Lodger*, a film made from Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's novel. One notices a trace of gentility: tarts are no longer tarts but actresses, and belly-slashing has dwindled to mere throat-slitting. Gentleman Jack lodges with a family that has Merle Oberon, sparkling young singer, as a niece. She is sure to be marked down, sooner or later, as the next victim, and one might hazard that there would be a final chase over the wings and attics of a theatre. It will end happily, too, with Jack in the river, because Merle Oberon is getting on very well with George Sanders, that handsome young inspector from Scotland Yard. . . . However, *The Lodger* succeeds in generating a lush and panicky atmosphere. Gas-jets and fogs, capes and cobbles, music-halls, East End alleys, mounted police, the horse-bus going to darkest Whitechapel, Shadwell Stairs: it's a Gothic we all enjoy, and the latest edition of the *Globe* brings shivers with its details of yet another murder. Jack himself (Laird Cregar), front-door pathologist and back-door killer, is massive, soft, tortured and compelling, with drugged movements, and a stare that never wavers; a fascinating and not improbable figure. Strange gentleman, the new lodger. The photographs on the walls seem to follow him about with their eyes, so down they come; he keeps, apologetically, rather irregular hours; he goes off to catch the Whitechapel bus, holding on to a shiny black bag. Isn't he suspect? Yes, but so are dozens of others; and Sir Cedric Harwicke, in a brilliant study of nervous normality, is found hiding *his* little black bag. *The Lodger* is a good thriller in the *Gaslight* class, though one may regret the impoverishment of a legend.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"A Soldier for Christmas" at Wyndham's

Mr. Beckwith's comedy is acted with spirit. This is most fortunate for there is little in the play beyond what animated acting can put into it. There are many, too many, repetitions of the same kind of joke. What would happen if the acting flagged or the actors lost faith in repetitions is dismal to contemplate. However, this does not happen. Miss Barbour as the bustling be-bothered Mrs. Ferguson (a lady adapting herself blindly and impetuously to social war-conditions and "the new order" without servants or class distinctions), Miss Meriel Forbes (her ex-housemaid, "Milly," now in uniform and a guest) and Mr. Robert Beatty as the unknown Canadian private invited specially for Christmas, never let the playwright down. Mr. Beatty supplies the attractive downright virility and shy friendly awkwardness so necessary to the plot, while these three principal actors are also well supported by Miss Winifred Hindle as a "Groupist" heart-to-heart cook who scurries in and out with a note-book, distractedly neglecting her work, by Miss Frances Waring as a dirty old char who has "reading matter" in her basket and gloats over the bloody revolution to come, and lastly, Miss Susan Richmond, who typifies the eccentric straightforwardness of the landed-aristocracy and coolly accepts inevitable changes. Much dramatic responsibility also falls on Mr. Trevor Howard, who plays the part of a young friend of the family "living in" with them.

The emotional quality of this play is too shallow to lift it into comedy (Phoebe and her "love," Ronald and his motives are unconvincing), while its air of possessing serious sociological insight hampers rather than helps its appeal as a farce.

Francoise Rosay at the Haymarket

Mr. Laurence Olivier, who with practised elegance introduces Mme Rosay to the public that knows her only on the screen, speaks for us all. We welcome in this admirable actress an envoy from the suffering and resistant people of France. For not only has she most uncommon virtuosity, but her art unmistakably proceeds from a robust character, which has never lost touch with real life, a character which is good as bread is good and wine is good. Mme Rosay acknowledges that she had the notion of the monologues from Miss Ruth Draper, but the result is quite different. Miss Draper is a writer who interprets very skilfully her own character-sketches. Mme Rosay remains above all an actress, who uses sketches as a vehicle for a dramatic performance. In the first two on her programme she inclined to caricature—always a temptation when an artist is playing to a foreign audience who miss many of the more delicate points. But the third, *Mme Lantier*, was entirely successful, and the restraint reinforced the pathos. The fourth, *Mme Dubreuil*, was the most impressive of all. The text was more extravagant and allowed for richer fantasy in the interpretation. Result, a portrait in the grand style of Molière or Ben Jonson, and one of the most memorable displays of comic acting we have ever seen. These sketches, all written by Jacques Feyder the film director (Mme Rosay's husband) were followed by a sketch in English written for her by Rodney Ackland. This is a satire on the film-world, which may annoy its unsophisticated or vulgar denizens but must delight the more intelligent of them. Last came a vivid and revealing sketch of daily life in France, a woman queueing for carrots, reproaching her less courageous neighbours, mocking the Germans, spreading the good news that has come from the B.B.C. Mme Rosay has a prodigious plasticity of facial expression, gesture and voice, cooing or raucous, aggressive or humble, trivial or noble. She is, in fact, superlatively professional in the highest sense. She appears at the Haymarket on February 14th, 21st and 28th at 3 p.m., on March 6th and 13th at 6 p.m. Everyone interested in acting as an art must try to see this superb performance.

Matthew Smith at the Redfern Gallery.

Eighteen paintings by Mr. Matthew Smith represent most of them this unequal artist at his best. Even in his less happy works he is always essentially a painter. He places himself in front of a vase of flowers, a bowl of fruit or a model, and transmutes appearances into a resonant unity. The grossness of some of his figures and also his taste for a stained-glass richness in colour may occasionally remind one of Rouault. But this is delusory: Rouault paints with pity or hatred, Mr. Smith is objective, concerned with human beings only for their plastic qualities. Indeed the supreme characteristic of his pictures is sumptuousness. They belong less to our harassed or genteel civilisation than to some exuberant and self-confident epoch. They have even something in common with buhl furniture and ormolu and Savonnerie carpets. The most splendid example in this show, indeed one of Mr. Smith's most irreproachable pictures, is *Arum Lily*. Here there are a fineness and clearness of texture that he often lacks. The other large Still Life has beautifully painted dahlias and pears but is overloaded by a bravura of great brown drapery. Coarse paint in hatchings or corybantic swirls makes many of his pictures repellent on close examination. Yet always there remains an exemplary assurance in his approach. He is indeed an oddly unenglish artist. Sensibility and suggestiveness are our national characteristics in painting. Mr. Smith never asks the spectator to do the work. He puts his cards on the table. The two small landscapes and *The Blue Dish*, all early works, are among the best pictures in the show. *Nude Asleep* is a dazzling example of the vivacity with which his brush models, like a sculptor's thumb, every contour. But he is above all a colourist, who attains a beautiful luminosity in the use of a rather restricted *gamme* of sultry colour.

Committee for the Promotion of New Music

It has always been a hard fight for a composer to gain recognition. Even men of outstanding talent have sometimes failed to get their works performed, and though the public now has far greater facilities for hearing music than ever before, the difficulties in the way of the young or unknown composer are if anything greater. In the eighteenth century, a young musician could generally succeed in attaching himself to one of the numerous private orchestras maintained by patrons, or to the local opera, and gain experience by playing, conducting and writing pieces that he could at least get tried out. It is this experience—so indispensable where orchestral writing is concerned—that it is so difficult for the composer of to-day to acquire. How is he to make any progress if he never hears his compositions played? The Committee for the Promotion of New Music was formed to give composers, not yet recognised or unjustly neglected, a chance of having their works played before a private audience, and if they prove to be of sufficient merit, to help in getting a public performance. The second experimental rehearsal organised by the Committee took place last week at the Royal College of Music. Three works were rehearsed and performed. Francis Chagrin's Piano Concerto was certainly the most ambitious; and in some ways the most attractive of the three. One felt this composer to be a musician of talent and experience, whose work deserves to be more widely known. The last movement in particular with its catchy tune—reminding one a little of Jean Françaix, but lacking his neatness and subtlety—would certainly be popular. The same cannot be said of Humphrey Searle's "Night Music," though this was the most interesting of the new works. The style is modelled on that of Webern, the writing is entirely contrapuntal, and, apart from the strings, the instruments have solo parts throughout. Mr. Searle writes with logic and clarity, and his piece was musically satisfying by reason of its unity of style. All he needs now is to develop his own musical personality, and free himself from the influences which have guided him up to the present. Norman Del Mar's Flute Concerto was a strange mixture of merits and defects: excellent, if rather heavy, orchestration, good writing for the solo instrument, a sense of form, and genuine romantic feeling; but a style derived from Wagner and Strauss, lack of individuality, and a failure to understand, or at any rate to reproduce, the character of a Concerto.

Correspondence

GERMAN PRISONERS

SIR,—The Allied camps for German prisoners of war, as Critic has told us in your issue of January 8th, are run by a few efficient Nazi officers, and one of Critic's friends believes that most complete Nazi places in the world are Allied prisoner of war camps. This report is appalling. Peace in Europe can only be expected if the minds of the German people undergo a complete change, becoming converted to human and European conceptions of life. This act of conversion can be brought about only by the German nation itself from inside, and German leaders and teachers must be the guides on the path of this spiritual revolution. Foreign nationals appealing to the German people will find no response. The holding of many thousand Germans in Allied camps, however, gives the Allies a unique opportunity of helping the German people in the redemption from the Nazi course by sorting out and preparing men who are or may be made suitable for performing a part in the re-education of the German nation. For a start, our authorities should select 50-100 German prisoners, especially those who can prove that they have actively opposed Nazidom in the past, and place them together in a special camp, where they can live under preferential conditions. Here they should be trained by British people of international outlook and experience and by German political refugees who could also give advice for selecting suitable prisoners. Persons such as the brave Frau Litten, who has lectured all over the country with the greatest success during the last few years, could here do very useful work. The training should take place with the greatest care on a thoroughly worked out syllabus. Subjects of the course would be modern European history, economics and political science, peaceful achievements of human civilisation, the truth about Nazidom and its theories, also the technique of speaking and teaching. All these subjects should be taught and discussed in a conciliatory and genuinely international spirit. When these 50-100 men have thus been thoroughly educated for several months, another 300 should be sorted out and undergo similar training, again separately from the masses of the Nazi prisoners. Here the first 50-100 could collaborate with the British teachers and the German political refugees and live among their prisoner pupils as dormitory captains and group leaders, advising them and sharing

their discussions. This scheme could be extended again and again and thousands of German prisoners might be inspired by the ideas of democracy and by the knowledge of other peoples' mode of living, subjects, which have been kept aloof from them for the last ten years. Thus a large nucleus of leaders and teachers for the re-education of the German nation could be prepared. Such action would mean a positive contribution of the Allies to the rebuilding of a peaceful Europe, whereas the present state in the prisoner of war camps, as reported by Critic, reveals a complete insensibility to one of our finest opportunities.

JANE RICHARDSON

The Abbot's House, Butcher Row,
Shrewsbury.

SOUTH TYROL

SIR,—Many people like myself who realise how important an independent Austria will be for a lasting peace in Europe, will, I am sure, have noticed with gratification that your journal rightly drew attention to the strategical and political importance of the South Tyrol. As is well known, this area with its half a million inhabitants has remained Austrian, despite all the vicious and brutal attempts of the Fascists to Italianise it.

That great authority on Central European affairs, Professor Seton Watson, already at the time of the Paris Peace Conference pointed out the injustice of drawing the frontier line so as to include the South Tyrol in Italy. At the time when the Fascists were busy acquiring an empire in Abyssinia, many ancient South Tyrolese peasant families were forced to send their sons into the Italian army to fight. There was no alternative. It is a fact that some of the first troops to enter Addis Ababa were South Tyrolese. It cannot be said that any of these men fought with enthusiasm to build up an empire for their oppressors. Those that returned from Abyssinia (many of them disabled) did their best to settle down again in their native country, despite the cynical attempts of both Hitler and Mussolini to push them out.

Many of these South Tyrolese still remain in their native country, and most of those who were ejected have not gone further north than Innsbruck. The Nazis have now taken over "military administration" of the whole area. The Allies have a great opportunity of applying the principles of the Atlantic Charter by restoring the South Tyrolese who have tilled the soil there for hundreds of years and by joining up once more South Tyrol with North Tyrol and Austria. It would be an act which would convince not only the Austrians and Yugoslavs, but even many Germans that the Allies—unlike Hitler—intend to keep their promises.

JAMES PATRICK

THE LIBERATION OF ITALY

SIR,—In your article "How are we liberating Italy?" you say that "The Badoglio administration has shown no sign of any ability or willingness either to purge the portion of liberated Italy under its control of secret Fascist groups or—still more important—to deal with the country's increasing economic chaos, shortage of commodities, growth of black markets, complete disintegration of railways, post and telegraphs and spreading unemployment."

Previous to this statement you speak of the appalling muddle and confusion made by AMGOT, who reinstate former Fascist officials after they had been dismissed by the Security officers. It seems plain to me that Badoglio, in view of the action of AMGOT, finds himself faced with a dilemma, and although I do not entirely agree with him, I am inclined to think that he acts according to the examples set by AMGOT. We must not forget that the Badoglio administration does not enjoy the freedom of action which is so necessary to govern.

When you say that "liberated Italy cannot be rescued from material and moral disintegration which is overwhelming it until an administration—however provisional—is formed which can evoke some popular enthusiasm and support" and that "such a lead can only come from a Popular Front" I feel that this would be a very poor and unsatisfactory solution. It is a well-known fact to us Italians that in southern Italy there are not many men who could claim to represent, even in a small way, the true feeling of the Italian people. Even if we agree that Croce is a leading philosopher, as a politician we must admit that he is a nonentity. As for Count Sforza, allowing that he has been once the Foreign Minister of Italy in the Giolitti Government, that he was an able diplomat and that he has opposed Fascism from its early days, I would like to point out that to the young generation of Italy Sforza is unknown, and he therefore cannot claim the support of the masses. While the industrial part of Italy, where the real political pulse of the country is to be found, is under the German occupation I don't think that it is advisable to have what you call "an administration—however provisional—which can evoke some popular enthusiasm and support."

I have left the problem of the Monarchy and Republic to be my last subject. First of all, being a Christian Democrat myself, I would like to say that Don Sturzo has always been a republican at heart and not leaning towards the Monarchy like other Italian politicians who are recently convert to republicanism. Victor Emmanuel III has a great responsibility for Fascism, his son the Prince of Piedmont is also, for various reasons, not much liked by the Italians, but there is always a possibility of a Regency. I think that it is in the interest of all concerned in the future of Europe that this problem of Monarchy or Republic should only be solved when the whole of Italy is free to chose her own form of government.

Italy at this very moment is not in a position to make hasty decisions but she must, as in the old Latin saying, "make haste slowly" (Festina Lente).

ANDREA SIMONI

NATURAL BEAUTY

SIR,—The bargain concluded between the Admiralty and Mr. Butlin, the holiday-camp promoter, concerning the site near Criccieth, is only the latest of a number of glaring instances where amenities have been or are to be destroyed by departmental action, and at least two very bad cases seem to have escaped publicity. The Ministry of Supply (Timber Production Department) has been guilty of irremediable destruction at celebrated beauty-spots in Wales and Westmorland, and there will be much chagrin and futile anger when travel restrictions are removed and the public is able to revisit beloved scenes.

At Devil's Bridge, Cardiganshire, the once magnificent view from the main road by the Hafod Arms Hotel has been half-ruined. On the opposite side of the ravine, above and below the bend where the Rheidol changes its course from south to west, the precipitous slopes have been denuded of the scrub oak which until two or three years ago completely clothed them. The timber has been burnt for charcoal in nearby ovens, though surely suitable wood for the purpose was available in places that have no outstanding prospect to spoil. Not content with this, the Department began in the late summer of 1942 to hew down the fine tall timber (mostly larch) a little way up the Pont Erwyd road from the hotel mentioned. These conifers can be replaced within a generation, of course, but not so the oaks, and to plant firs and pines in their place would change the character of the gorge, even when the new trees were well grown.

The other act of barbarism referred to has sadly diminished the glory of that famous vista of the Langdale Pikes with Blea Tarn in the foreground. An integral part of that view, so dear to many thousands of mountain-lovers and so often depicted by artists, was the wood on the west side of the tarn; but the Ministry has cut down nearly all the trees.

A Mother Fights Hitler
IRMGARD LITTEN
Introduction by
THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
"A book which it is your bitter duty to read."—BASIL DE SELINCOURT in *Observer*. *Frontispiece. 3rd impression*
7s 6d net

Is Bombing Decisive?
CAPT. F. O. MIKSCHE
author of *Paratroops* and *Blitzkrieg*
"It will be a long time before a better book than this is written on this subject."—F/LT. VERNON BLUNT in *Tribune*.
With Maps. 5s net

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

MARJORIE CORYN
RIDICULOUS DICTATOR
a story of Robespierre
Constable 8s. 6d. net

Charles Péguy
BASIC VERITIES
Selections from his Prose Writings and Poetry, in a French—English edition by ANN and JULIAN GREEN. With an Introduction by JULIAN GREEN.
10s. 6d. net

Stefan George
POEMS
German—English edition with English renderings by CAROL NORTH VALHOPE and ERNST MORWITZ. Edited and Introduced by ERNST MORWITZ. 10s. 6d. net

KEGAN PAUL

John Cowper Powys
THE ART OF GROWING OLD
'Only the reader in his twenties will require to have the attractions of such a book as this explained to him. The moment one passes thirty one begins to think about growing old. . . . To this passionate curiosity such a title as *The Art of Growing Old* is irresistible.' *The Times Literary Supplement*. [10s 6d]

H. A. Manhood
LUNATIC BROTH
'Nobody can beat Mr. H. A. Manhood at his own game, the village anecdote. *Lunatic Broth* is another collection of stories of country life in England and Ireland, brief sketches full of a disciplined vitality: good humour and good writing go hand in hand.' *The Observer*. [8s 6d]

JONATHAN CAPE

It was no recent plantation, for it is marked on the six-inch map as originally surveyed in 1859–60, and the difference can hardly be credited except by those who have visited the spot both before and after the felling.

JACK WOOD

35 Woodstock Road,
Birmingham 13.

UNRRA

SIR,—Would you please allow me to make the following comments on your article headed "Supplies for UNRRA" of January 29th?

1. The Skoda Works, until the Nazi occupation (i.e. until March 15th, 1939), never worked for the rearming of Hitler; on the contrary, up to the above-mentioned date they had always strictly followed the policy of Czechoslovak national defence, which excluded from armament deliveries all totalitarian States, especially Germany. Hitler seized the Skoda Works and their enormous war-production capacity only as a consequence of the unfortunate Munich events of autumn, 1938.

2. It is incorrect to allege that Mr. Antonin Fried was managing director of the Skoda Works, because he never was. For some years prior to 1938 he was one of several commercial managers of this company, from which he went, in 1938, to the Vitkovice Mines, Steel and Ironwork Corporation.

3. The notion "Managing Director" as it is understood in English law is not known in Czechoslovak law. The nearest analogy—roughly corresponding to "Administrateur délégué" in French law—is usually in the practice of Czechoslovak joint stock companies the "Acting Member of the Board of Directors" (who represents the majority of shareholders). Being the last acting member of the board of directors of the Skoda Works in the just mentioned sense before the Nazi occupation, I have been asked by the Czechoslovak Government in London to send you this letter, the contents of which have been accordingly authorised by the Czechoslovak Government.

EDUARD OUTRATA

59, Furzecroft,
George Street, W.1.

[We took the description of Mr. Fried's status in the Skoda Works from the identical paragraph which appeared in the *Times* and other daily papers. If it was inaccurate the responsibility lies presumably with UNRRA's publicity officer and not with us. Our concern was not with Mr. Fried's personal record, of which we know nothing, but rather with the fact that as a former official of the armaments ring he had a background which did not seem to us a good qualification for the work of rehabilitation.

We are glad to print Dr. Outrata's statement that neither Skoda nor other Czech firms sold arms to Germany or other totalitarian States.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THREE GENERATIONS

SIR,—In the course of his patronising and fortuitous comparison of Lady Oxford, Mr. J. L. Hodson and myself in a book review, Mr. Richard Coventry stated that I "sided with those who voted against King and Country" between the wars. Sir, one may stomach being called an "intellectual," a "rather ineffective poet" or even one of a lost generation finding its soul, because these are your reviewer's surmises. But to be said to have sided with those exuberant revolutionaries (or were they undergraduates?) who cast votes against King and Country raises a question of fact: and I must deny that I played on any such side or was even an interested spectator.

JOHN PUDNEY

SIR,—Mr. Richard Coventry makes the following statement: "By modern political standards she is, of course, a dangerous sentimentalist, demanding chivalry to the German enemy long after the little Welshman taught us that democracies are saved only when the *German pips squeak*." (My italics.)

Mr. Lloyd George was not the author of this odious expression. It was the invention of Sir Eric Geddes. It would be impossible for anyone who knows Mr. Lloyd George to imagine that it was his. Sir Eric Geddes has other claims to fame. The most disastrous policy perhaps ever followed by the Treasury was known as the Geddes Axe.

Mr. Coventry says of Mr. Lloyd George that "his dynamic has done away with the possibility of style as Asquith represented it in politics and his wife in society." This statement has no foundation. Of course, Mr. Asquith's political genius was reflected in a certain style. So is Mr. Lloyd George's and Mr. Churchill's. But each style is as different and as valuable as the man, and no one of them could be truly said to have closed an era.

Talking of style, why does Mr. Coventry keep on referring to "the little Welshman"? I am sure Lady Oxford never does.

The Master's Lodgings,

JANET BEVERIDGE

University College,
Oxford.

"OPERA NIGHTS"

SIR,—The welcome news that we are to have a whole series of "Opera Nights" from Mr. Ernest Newman prompts me to reply to his complaint that, in my recent review, I did not explain how "photographs of the most recent Continental productions . . . could have been obtained in wartime." Two recent books on the Soviet Theatre, by Messrs. Van Gyseghem and McLeod, contained many photographs of opera production in Russia; while I do not know their source, I should be surprised if the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. were unable to help. And surely photographs of the pre-Nazi German stage must be available in this country, where several of the most able producers continued their work after 1933?

The portrait of Tetrazzini as "dear little Lakmé" is, of course, delicious, but it has appeared in most of the standard guides to opera already. One hoped for something newer to match the freshness of Mr. Newman's text.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

FOR RELIEF ABROAD

SIR,—Great voluntary organisations in this country which constitute the Council and Conference of British Societies for Relief Abroad are now making active preparations to assist in such relief work abroad as they may be asked to undertake at the request of the military or other authorities. The forms of relief which they are preparing to undertake include the provision of skilled medical, nursing, welfare and such other types of personnel and teams as they may be called upon to provide.

Some societies will have to make special appeals to the public in order to meet the expenses of this new work. All such appeals will carry the statement that they have been approved by the Council of British Societies for Relief Abroad, which was defined in Parliament as "the officially recognised body through which the plans and activities of British Voluntary Organisations can be co-ordinated."

May we through the courtesy of your columns, inform your readers that all appeals thus approved are in aid of relief operations planned officially and may be supported without risk of encouraging competitive or wasteful effort?

WILLIAM GOODE,
Chairman of the Council of British Societies for Relief Abroad
MARGARET FALMOUTH,
Deputy Chairman

45, Great Peter Street, London, S.W.1.

R. W. G. MACKAY
COUPON OR FREE?
A Study in Electoral Reform and Representative Government
5s. *net*
The basis of democracy is the House of Commons. The House does not represent the views of electors, owing to a faulty voting system. Can this be altered before the next General Election? The author's plans demand urgent consideration.

ROBERT BOOTHBY, M.P.
THE NEW ECONOMY
The first large edition is now exhausted. The second is in preparation. 6s. *net*

SECKER & WARBURG

Two Novels by
JEAN ROSS
STRANGERS UNDER OUR ROOF
"Miss Jean Ross writes with a sharpness of sense and a feminine allusiveness of sentiment which between them enable her . . . to bring off a subtle effect of comedy. At its best the comedy she achieves in this latest novel has a delicate and cutting edge." *The Times.*
WOMEN IN EXILE
"A richer and much more interesting piece of work than the run of novels about wartime conditions . . . An individual, clever and finely-textured piece of work." *The Times.*
"Outstanding . . its chief character is strikingly good."
Frank Swinnerton.
7s. 6d. *net each*
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Three new titles in
BRITAIN IN PICTURES
Inns
THOMAS BURKE
Philosophers
KENNETH MATTHEWS
The English Bible
SIR HERBERT GRIERSON
Fully illustrated in colour and black and white. Each 4s. 6d.
COLLINS

Elisabet Ney
JAN FORTUNE AND JEAN BURTON
Biography of a women sculptor.
"An enchanting portrait . . . sweeps one with a bang into the middle of German artistic and cultural circles of the nineteenth century."
—*John o'London's*
"A fascinating story, skilfully reconstructed and delightfully narrated." —*Punch*
Illustrated. 10/6 *net*
Twelve Months that Changed the World
LARRY LESUEUR
The Russian people during the year Moscow to Stalingrad as seen by a correspondent of C.B.S.
10/6 *net*
HARRAP

BOOKS IN GENERAL

How great, how varied and agreeable, are the riches of English historical literature. Perhaps not quite so copious as the French; but there is no other modern literature that compares with ours in this respect. And yet I doubt if many of us realise what delightful and diverse reading there is to be had: so many works infinitely more worth reading than the trash of which there seems to be more than ever in wartime, or at any rate fewer works of quality to keep it in place. Yet there are classics of our literature which few enough have heard of, let alone read. How many have read Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, or his autobiography, or Lord Herbert of Cherbury's, or Hervey's Memoirs, or the Verney Letters?

Horace Walpole knew a good thing when he saw one and pounced upon Clarendon's *Life* when it appeared. He wrote to Montagu, on July 19th, 1759, "Have you read my Lord Clarendon? I am enchanted with it; 'tis very incorrect, but I think more entertaining than his *History*. It makes me quite out of humour with *other mémoires*." (He meant his own.) It is true that Clarendon's *Life* is in some ways a finer work even than the *History*, and at the same time it is far less well known. There are several reasons for this; the chief, perhaps, being that Clarendon did not intend the *Life* for publication, but for the private instruction of his children, and so he plundered the completed *Life* to enrich the *History*. Most of the famous character sketches in the *History* really come out of the autobiography. What Clarendon did was to leave the latter a torso, by robbing it of much of what he had written about the Civil War and Commonwealth period; though the latter part, from the Restoration onwards, is very full. The result is that we are left with only half of what would have been perhaps the finest of English autobiographies, if we had it complete.

All the same, the *Life*, even as we have it, is a wonderful book. Clarendon wrote it when his powers were at their height, freed from the daily preoccupations of politics by his second and final exile from the country. The taste for character-drawing, which they did so well in the seventeenth century, had grown upon him since his original composition of the *History* twenty years before; now he could let himself go, and the most fully-developed portraits all belong to this period. Since he was not writing for publication, he could afford to be far more frank than in the *History*, where one of his main objects was to defend Charles I. Clarendon's deep-seated loyalty prevented him from being too outspoken—besides, he had the essential justice of mind and devotion to truth of the real historian; but the *Life* is much more revealing of the hidden causes of events as he saw them. The sense of the play of personalities is absorbing; the somewhat ponderous politician turns out to be a subtler psychologist than the nimble wits that got him turned out of power. There is an exquisite feeling for the atmosphere of that delicate, fragrant time before the Civil War when such personalities as Falkland, Sidney Godolphin, Selden, Chillingworth, George Herbert, Nicholas Ferrar, had come to flower. Most of them had been friends of Clarendon's—close friends to whom his mind and heart were attuned. No wonder he was a *laudator temporis acti*, who spent much of his activity in politics on trying to make those good days come again, and when that failed him spent his last years in the dream of what that time had been, out of which he recalled those figures of the past with all their rich, warm colouring and made them live again for us and for posterity. Above all, his *Life* is, what an autobiography should be, a complete portrait of his own personality, with all his qualities and limitations: his fidelity, integrity, honesty, his ability and courage, his warmth of heart—and the truly monumental self-satisfaction which cannot but astonish the modern reader.

I dare to disagree with that great scholar Firth when he says that Clarendon was "one of the first examples in later English history of the man who begins in low estate and rises by his own abilities to the highest political office." He came from a good country family, well-connected—his uncle and patron was Lord Chief Justice. The King himself wrote him a letter of recommendation as a lad to Magdalen College, of which the President, for some odd reason, took no notice; and so Magdalen lost the chance of having a second historian hardly inferior to Gibbon. He made a match which brought him an estate, and as he says himself, lived as a barrister in good style, much above that of other lawyers. He kept the best company and enjoyed the patronage of the great. He "well knew how to cultivate those advantages", beginning with the confidence Laud had in him. (There is a most life-like and characteristic description of the Archbishop walking in his garden at Lambeth on the occasion when the young lawyer, so like him, told him candidly how unpopular he was and how much this was due to the sharpness and inconsiderateness of his manner. Laud blushed for himself, and, taking it like a man, had a particular regard for and trust in his young acquaintance ever after).

True, Clarendon was not an aristocrat, but a gentleman at a time when the gentry were extending their power and influence in the State beyond all expectation or precedent. It was that upward surge of power, a shift of social forces, which lay behind the Civil War, and of which Clarendon had no notion. Just like an actor in these events, he saw it all in personal terms, the mistakes of the King on one side, the aggressions of Parliament on the other. It makes him all the easier and more congenial reading.

In spite of all his years of exile, twenty-one altogether, Clarendon remained always the country-bred Englishman with his roots deep in the life of his country. From the very beginning of the *Life* one notices this theme, as one does in the *History:* the different characters of English counties, their differences in custom, cultivation, even in weights and measures. This is so much taken for granted, that it is not developed as a theme; but it is always there in the background. Clarendon's father, a Wiltshire country gentleman, served in the last Parliaments of Elizabeth, but after the Queen's death was never in London again, though he lived for thirty years after; his wife, to whom he was married above forty years, was never in London in her life.

> The wisdom and frugality of that time being such that few gentlemen made journeys to London, or any other expensive journeys, but upon important business, and their wives never; by which providence they enjoyed and improved their estates in the country, and kept good hospitality in their houses, brought up their children well, and were beloved by their neighbours.

Clarendon was always an old-fashioned man in his prejudices, not the worse for being a bit out of date, a belated Elizabethan.

There is no more convincing country-note than his story of how he was just reading to his father the passage in Camden's *Annals* about that John Felton who affixed the Papal Bull of Excommunication upon the Bishop of London's door "when a person of the neighbourhood knocked at the door, and being called in, told his father that a post was then passed through the village to Charleton, the house of the Earl of Berkshire," with the news of the assassination of Buckingham by another John Felton. Clarendon deplored the influence of women in politics at Court, dating from Buckingham's removal and the emergence of Henrietta Maria; and no wonder when you consider the disastrous effect of that French bitch—a veritable Madame de Portes in a higher position—upon the country's affairs, or of Charles II's seraglio, which Clarendon had even more personal reason to resent. One suddenly realises as never before that the Elizabethan Age, to which he looked back as an ideal, was a thoroughly masculine society; only one woman had her hand in politics then (and *what* a hand! there was no room for any others).

Clarendon's psychological insight is nowhere better displayed than in his account of the personal relations of Falkland and Culpepper with the King and Queen. Falkland was compliant enough with the weakness and humours of smaller men, where there was no question of flattery:

> Yet towards the King, who many times obstinately adhered to many conclusions which did not naturally result from good premises, and did love to argue many things to which he would not so positively adhere, he did not practise that condescension, but contradicted him with more bluntness, and by sharp sentences . . . and of this his majesty often complained; and cared less to confer with him in private, and was less persuaded by him than his affairs, and the other's great parts and wisdom, would have required.

But what a condemnation this is of Charles really; he preferred to listen to Culpepper, who told him what he liked to hear, and whose judgment was less good even than the King's.

And then a reflection occurs to one about Clarendon's rotund, elaborate style: those long involved sentences, with all the parentheses, are precisely fitted to express the complexity of the psychological situation. Better indeed than a modern style, which would split up the qualifications into separate sentences, where Clarendon is able to carry them along with the statements they qualify. Nor is his style for all its richness without edge; people can be ticked off very precisely in a subordinate clause. There is the Earl of St. Albans, who visits Clarendon in a crisis "with all those compliments, professions and protestations, which were natural, and which he did really believe everybody else thought to be very sincere; for he had that kindness for himself, that he thought everybody did believe him." Then when Clarendon had got through the crisis, Henrietta Maria was gracious enough to him, "and from that time there did never appear any want of kindness in the queen towards him, whilst he stood in no need of it, nor until it might have done him good." There was the treacherous Coventry, "who had never paid a civility to any worthy man, but as it was a disobligation to another whom he cared less for"; or the slippery Shaftesbury, "who was good at looking into other men's offices."

But one must not give the impression that Clarendon was in any way peevish, though the *Life* was written as a defence of his career and actions; nothing is more remarkable than his magnanimity, in spite of being traduced and hounded out of public life. He does indeed betray a particular sensitiveness about the mimicry of him which brought him into ridicule at the easily amused, cynical, heartless Court of Charles II; and one remembers the scene of that scapegrace Harry Killigrew with the bellows for the great seal and the poker for the mace, strutting behind the pompous old Chancellor. What a target he must have presented to those wits and rakes, not to mention the royal mistresses, with his smugness and self-satisfaction, his honesty and integrity. And yet he was right: such qualities would never have been allowed to bring him down at the Court of Elizabeth, and after such services to the monarchy. It is not for nothing that the Stuarts became a byword for ingratitude.

Evelyn describes the portraits of his friends that the Chancellor had hung in the days of his glory upon the walls of Clarendon House. For consolation in exile, setting out upon his travels from the Scilly Islands where he had begun to write his great *History*, in Jersey walking upon the sands in the evening with the Governor, the day's work over, or in the hot streets of Madrid, at Montpellier in his last and final exile, Clarendon loved to turn back in his mind to the garden at Great Tew—and remember the friends of his youth, lingering over their names and virtues. To his love for them we owe the unfading freshness, the beauty of his two great books: into them both there comes the scent of the musk, the roses and thyme of that Cotswold garden in the high summer of the early seventeenth century.

A. L. ROWSE

IMPERFECTIBLE MAN

Man and Literature. By NORMAN NICHOLSON. *S.C.M. Press.* 10s. 6d.

This is a stimulating book which pleases and annoys one by its simplification of issues. Written for a popular audience, it is an examination of what Mr. Nicholson calls two dwindling modern assumptions about the nature of Man as they are conveyed, first in the writings of Shaw, Wells and Galsworthy, and later in the work of Lawrence, Hemingway, Faulkner, Kafka and the younger poets. We have been dominated by the idea of man being responsible only to society; and later by the Romantic notion of man as a child of nature. As a Christian, Mr. Nicholson opposes both these conceptions. He hesitates to apply "the Christian yardstick" to these writers. (One would like to know precisely what the phrase means and the value of the application.) On the one hand, he enjoys novels and plays too much to nag them consistently with the dogmas of the Fall, Original Sin and Redemption; on the other, he has a convenient formula which runs together materialism, liberalism, evolution, progress, frustration and disaster. One can only reply that if the liberal philosophy has abused human nature by thinking too highly of it, the achievements of this philosophy have been opposed at every turn by the elaborate apathy and pessimism of religion; what the liberal mind did was to release the will in man and his creative forces. Heresy has been humane; if it is now out of date one turns to the young, brilliant and disappointed Catholic school of writers, to find none of the traditional Christian feeling for "men of goodwill." The ill-will or will-lessness of man is their subject. And we seem to be offered a bleak choice between the prim retirement of the almshouse and a world of seedy and whining self-torture where the hunted soul scuffles along, close to the wall, seeking occasions for pain, disgust and remorse. Compared with this future, the despised spectacle of energy and moral struggle does seem to have its points.

I wish Mr. Nicholson had been more explicit about his religious position. Despite the disciples of Maritain, the liberal assumptions are not to be dismissed as though their ultimate purpose was to make the delivery of vacuum cleaners easier; nor are they invalidated by the fact that the delivery of vacuum cleaners has been turned into the delivery of bombs. It is one thing to argue that H. G. Wells does not believe in original sin; but that does not mean he has ceased to believe in the existence of evil or the value of conflict—see *The Time Machine* and *The Island of Dr. Moreau*. He does believe we should struggle against the original ape. As for the eventual extinction of art and intellect which was suggested by Mr. Shaw in *Back to Methuselah*, that idea is not confined to material perfectionists: it is to be found among metaphysicians and the religious. If Freud is a rationalist, he has shown us that our ethics are sustained by the dynamism of myths—a claim that is made also by Christians. Mr. Nicholson ought to have made his Christian position clear and to let us know what he allows and what he doesn't.

Like Marxist and psychological criticism, Mr. Nicholson's is not (as he admits) literary criticism. It goes back to the birth pangs, but cannot tell us whether a book is good or bad. The degree of belief in an author is as fortuitous and complex as his historical environment. His one certain debt is to literary tradition; his only claim to our attention is talent. Here Mr. Nicholson is at his best because he enjoys literature. He loves the vitality of Mr. Polly; he deplores Hemingway's philosophy, but admires his astonishing power of coming equably and closely to the ripple of the animal impulses in his people; he is enchanted by Shaw's style and power of argument, and rightly points out that the liberal gift of argument is the peculiar achievement of that generation. Naturally, he makes what he can of the Catholic inheritance of Joyce, and writes with illuminating pleasure of *Ulysses* and the stories; but when one looks back on Joyce, one thing stands out. It is especially noticeable in *Dubliners*. Bloom, like Kipps, introduced a new class to literature, Joyce and the early Wells are a good deal closer together than Joyce and Kafka. On the modern poets, if one excepts his two or three pages on Yeats, whose magnificent pride he greatly admires, Mr. Nicholson is disappointing. His shrewdest blows are directed in an amusing comparison of Omar Khayyam and A. E. Housman; though I cannot agree that the vogue of the former was due to a purely Victorian scepticism. The other-worldly can never bring themselves to believe that the tradition of human scepticism is immensely ancient, rich and honourable. Altogether, this book is a fresh, ingenious and good-natured piece of provocation.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THUCYDIDES

The History of the Peloponnesian War, edited in translation by Sir RICHARD LIVINGSTONE. *World's Classics.* 3s.

An abridged version of the eight books of the history of the Peloponnesian War by Thucydides has now been included in a single volume in the World's Classics. Crawley's translation has been used, and Sir Richard Livingstone has written an introduction and introduced a series of brief notes into the text, indicating the general course of the narrative. Both introduction and notes are designed to "enable a person who knows little of Greek history to read him" (Thucydides) "without difficulty." Both are admirable; I do not see, indeed, how they could have been bettered.

Macaulay wrote in his Diary of February 27th, 1835: "This day I finished Thucydides, after reading him with inexpressible interest and admiration. He is the greatest historian that ever lived." Two later entries repeat the verdict. It is difficult not to agree with Macaulay, especially as Thucydides has for us an interest which cannot have been present in the same measure for him, the interest of acute topicality. Later in the century Fitzgerald said, "I can't say I care much for the Greeks and their peddling quarrels; one must go to Rome for wars." I doubt whether he would say so to-day, for continually, as one reads, one is reminded of the history of the last twenty years. Reading Thucydides is, indeed, like viewing one's own times through a pair of inverted field glasses; everything is very small and very remote, but also very clear and distinct. The impression of remoteness is strengthened by the attitude of the historian. Thucydides had—I am quoting Sir Richard Livingstone—"that gift of objectivity which the Greeks possessed above all peoples of standing outside events and reflecting them like a mirror; of viewing, as it were, the earth from a different planet." One by one the familiar issues of our own time make their appearance with such persistent regularity that it is impossible not to be reminded of Hegel's lamentable verdict that "the only thing men learn from history is that men learn nothing from history."

There are the causes of war; what are they? Thucydides's answer is unequivocal; they are fear and greed. Neither Athens nor Sparta wanted war, they were driven to war by their fear of one another. The pattern is all too familiar. It is, as Sir Richard says, "the classic and continually recurring form of war—a gamble in futures, in which few fortunes are made and more lost." There is the technique of aggression; the advance preparations of the Athenians for their invasion of Sicily are extraordinarily reminiscent of the Nazi aggressions in Europe prior to 1939. So is the ruthlessness of Athenian power-politics.

> You know as well as we do that the question of right only arises between equals in power, and that the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must. . . . Of the gods we believe, of men we know, that it is the law of their nature to rule wherever they can.

The words are those of the Athenian envoy speaking to the Melians; they might have been taken from the speeches of any one of the Nazi leaders. There is the strategy of the conflict. The advantages of sea-power possessed by the Athenians—they can land where they like, carry out a Commando raid and get away again—and of the interior lines enjoyed by the Spartan land power. There are the strands of the class war, the democrats looking to Athens and the oligarchs to Sparta, and of racial antagonisms, Ionians versus Dorians, interwoven with the main conflict. There are Quislings—Alcibiades is an obvious example, as he seeks to betray his country to the barbarians. There are the familiar accents of Imperialism: "What you hold is, to speak frankly, a despotism; perhaps it was wrong to take it, but to let it go is unsafe." The words are Pericles's and they refer to the Athenian maritime Empire; they might have been Mr. Churchill's on India.

The list of parallels could be extended indefinitely. Different readers will inevitably be struck with the significance of different points. Here are three which abide in my own mind. First, that the parallel breaks down if we try to regard Athens as a democracy like our own. She was not at all like; she was active and aggressive; she was quick to act, perhaps too quick, and her Conservatives were all and always for peace. Also she assumed—what our democracy has never done—the obligation of deliberately educating her citizens, not only in the sense of giving them factual information and vocational skill, but of developing their sensibility and refining and enriching their spirit by the provision at public expense of monuments, shows and ceremonies, "recreations for the spirit, games and festivals, and beauty in our buildings," as Pericles puts it. So far from creating beauty we are unable to bring ourselves to preserve what has come down to us.

Secondly, there are the effects of war, and more particularly of class war, upon public morals. These are described with unforgettable force in the terrifying account of the class war in Corcyra in Book III, Chapters 82–84. Note two of Thucydides' comments: first, "war deprives men of their easy existence and is a rough teacher that brings most men's dispositions down to the level of their circumstances"; and secondly, "the cause of all these evils was love of power due to ambition and greed, which led to the rivalries from which party spirit sprang."

Thirdly, the one hint of a personal view that we can derive from this impersonal document, Thucydides' hatred of excess. He shared to the full the instinctive view of the Greeks that *hubris*, overweening arrogance, will meet inescapably with doom. There is a moral machinery in the universe in whose wheels those who vaunt themselves above our human nature are entangled and destroyed. The application of this law is invoked against the demagogic politicians who brought Athens to her ruin; its modern application is obvious.

C. E. M. JOAD

HEALTH AND COMMUNITY

The Peckham Experiment. A Study of the *living* Structure of Society. By INNES H. PEARSE, M.D., and LUCY H. CROCKER, B.Sc. *Allen & Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

This book is the third of a series dealing with eighteen years' work by a group of scientists. *The Case for Action*, by Drs. Pearse and Scott Williamson, was published in 1931, and *Biologists in Search of Material*—to which the present volume is a direct sequel—in 1938. In *The Peckham Experiment* little is said of the early years of the scientists' work: the book is an account of the famous Pioneer Health Centre, with its membership of 650 to 1,000 families, for four-and-a-half years from its opening early in 1935 until September 1939. It is announced that the fourth book in the series will deal with the scientific principles upon which the experiment is based, but these are also an important part of the volume under review.

The information gained from the work of the Centre is interesting not only to biologists and the medical profession: its importance for every person who is thinking about the foundations and

the shape of Society can hardly be exaggerated. From whatever angle we approach the problems of planning—whether as educationalists, housing and town planning experts, administrators, industrialists, parents, or individual citizens, we can learn from the story of the Peckham Experiment. Its lessons are vital.

Two main tendencies are revealed in all the discussions on post-war planning. There is the tendency towards communal living, which in its extreme form exalts every idea which is supposed to emanate from Russia, combined with a fancy picture of a film-star life in vast press-a-button luxury flats; and there is a cry for the restoration of family life, the tendency to react against the collectivism, the totalitarianism, and the mechanisation of life in the war years, which in its extreme form evokes a fancy picture of a secure, selfish, non-political life in detached and privately owned houses. Between these extremes are many sane and imaginative plans for living, but still too many evasions of questions which it is essential to answer.

The group of scientists who were responsible for the Pioneer Health Centre were guilty of no such evasions. They based their work on a fundamental conception of human values, and so far as they were able created the conditions for living according to those values. Their aim was the health of the family in Society, "health" in the sense of living fully: the Centre was designed, with the farm and holiday-home and camp which became an integral part of it, to provide "conditions in and through which the biological potentiality of the family (could) find expression." In their chapter on basic technique the authors say: "The mere fact . . . of basing any organisation on the family-organism as a unit implies a new and unique orientation in modern society."

The Centre was designed for 2,000 families—about 7,500 persons, an interesting figure in view of the R.I.B.A. Planning Committee's suggestion of 8,000 to 10,000 persons as a suitable community unit. Experience did not go beyond a membership of half this number, but the authors claim that the building was adequate for an experiment on the scale for which it was intended. A modern building of glass and concrete costing, with basic equipment, £38,000, the Centre provided for its two inter-dependent purposes—opportunity for the biologists to study the member families through physiological examinations, consultations, and observation of their free activities, and for the member families (for whom periodic health overhauls was a basic condition, and privilege, of membership) to have expert advice and guidance in all matters affecting health, and the enjoyment of an ideally equipped Community Centre. The aim was to provide for every normal spare-time activity from the cradle to the grave, from the babies' nursery, and nursery school (and it was a matter for regret that a school for older children was not also part of the experiment), athletic and sedentary games, dress-making, music, drama, debates, lectures and reading. Reading, however, is in its wrong place as a climax. The library is little mentioned, as is natural in a club where social life, physical growth and function were stressed. The licensed cafeteria and dance hall were popular, and the swimming bath (swimming was emphasised as a health-giving activity) was the central attraction. Self-help was the keynote of the organisation—self-reliance and initiative encouraged in members from their earliest years. Health and therapeutic services among many others included ante- and post-natal clinics, rehabilitation clinics, child guidance clinics, and holiday organisations. Unfortunately, like the Beveridge Plan, full employment was necessary for the success of the scheme, and this meant the exclusion of the "social problem class."

The statistical material gathered by observation of this relatively prosperous section of London workers is valuable—and grim. To quote the simplest of the figures: the result of the first health overhaul of 1946 males and 1,965 females revealed 86 per cent. and 96 per cent. respectively with recognisable disorders. The story of the improvement in health, in physical and mental development, in corporate life and in family and social relationships, through the work of the Centre is a moving human story and a convincing one. Only at moments does the reader pause and say: "But was it always thus?" "Isn't this just a little romanticised?" It is natural to photograph the Centre's activities always in bright sunshine, to describe its successes in glowing terms, but here and there, almost hidden, are hints of the little troubles and worries which beset experiments in community. "Cork as a wall covering . . . proved . . . unsatisfactory owing to the attractive surface it offers to the penknives of the idle newcomer." Exactly. That the Centre adopted enlightened methods of dealing with its difficulties there can be no doubt, but the book would have been even more valuable if it had throughout discussed its failures with the frankness which marks the conclusion of the admirable chapter entitled "The Family Grows."

What, for the student of human society, are the conclusions to be drawn from this enthralling book? Is health the creative ideal which will maintain a community centre? Is physical function over-emphasised in this conception? Is the geographical unit the natural one for cultural groups? Granted an unanswerable case for family membership—the most valuable conclusion to be drawn from this work—what is to happen to the unmarried, the unattached, and the lonely? Have we, in the experiment of the Peckham Pioneers, a model for the community centres of the future?

IRENE T. BARCLAY

MOSCOW AND BERLIN

Moscow Dateline. By HENRY C. CASSIDY. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

Escape from Berlin. By CATHERINE KLEIN. *Gollancz.* 6s.

Both of these books, though well above the average, run true to type. The authors, one an American foreign correspondent, and the other a Jewish refugee, tell stories we seem to have heard before, in a way we should expect. Mr. Cassidy, for example. He belongs to the world of news agencies, embassies, secretaries. Makes a famous scoop. Attends dinners. Eats caviare. Serves a cocktail with Persian vermouth in it. Plays poker games (list of the guests). And so on. All correspondents do these things, so why not Mr. Cassidy? But why tell us about them? We know, for one thing, already; and Mr. Cassidy isn't the kind of journalist with an inner life on show; he does it in a matter-of-fact way, even reluctantly. *Moscow Dateline*—inevitable title!—would be better without these concessions to red-hot reminiscence.

For all that it is an interesting book. In 1941 Mr. Cassidy was Moscow correspondent for the Associated Press of America, and when the Nazis invaded, he was enjoying a fortnight's holiday on the Crimean coast. His description of the new "Riviera" mingles admiration and repulsion: too much to eat, too many nude bodies, too much rude health altogether—even the hotels were called sanatoriums. It might be a quack advertisement for Utopia. Had there been no invasion, no quick recall to Moscow, one wonders if Mr. Cassidy's discovery of the Russian character would have been as evenly generous as it is. War made the difference, popped the queries back in their pigeon-holes. Like everyone else, he expected a walk-over, and as the weeks lengthen into months and resistance grows, so does Mr.

In Search of Faith

A Symposium, edited by E. W. MARTIN

In this volume well-known thinkers write of their beliefs, and of the application in society of the particular ethic they hold.

Contributors include:
G. BERNARD SHAW
C. E. M. JOAD
SIR RICHARD ACLAND
OLAF STAPLEDON
VISCOUNT SAMUEL
THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S
MULK RAJ ANAND
SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS
SHEILA KAYE-SMITH
and others.

Just published. 8s. 6d.

LINDSAY DRUMMOND LTD
6 Buckingham Street, W.C.2

By the Author of "The Marriage of Elizabeth Tudor," etc.

ALFRED DODD's
THE IMMORTAL MASTER

Who was Shakespeare? In this book an extraordinary story unfolds itself as to the origin of our greatest poet.

Illus. 10/6

● Also ●

H. K. CHALLONER's
THE SWORD AND THE SPIRIT

Advocating a planned world order based on ethics. 8/6

RIDER

A History of ANGLO-SOVIET RELATIONS

W. P. & Z. Coates

Foreword: Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George

Traces the history of relations between the two countries from 1918 to the signing of the alliance.

Publication: Feb. 18

18/-

LAWRENCE & WISHART
and PILOT PRESS
Trade: 45, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1

NOT ENOUGH TO GO ROUND

but—if temporarily out of stock, your Chemist can almost certainly get Howards' Aspirin Tablets for you from his Wholesale House.

See the name Howards on every tablet.

HOWARDS & SONS LTD.
(Est. 1797) ILFORD.
Makers of Howards' Bicarbonate Soda, etc.

Cassidy's enthusiasm. He saw the front line in winter, the Moscow blitz, Iran, the Ukraine; and what he didn't see but learnt a great deal about—the battle of Stalingrad—produces one of the best chapters in the book. We tend to think of that momentous battle in terms only of heroism, but Mr. Cassidy gives us also the facts and says there was really no mystery about the German failure: they hadn't, man for man and weapon for weapon, enough to defeat the Russians. They had made the mistake of dividing their forces before approaching Moscow, and Mannstein's relief army (when it came) was met by even stronger counter-attacks. The whole story of the four-months' battle—the Verdun of this war—is made admirably plain. Mr. Cassidy's strong point as a journalist is a level-headed and vivid appreciation of the facts.

His scoop of two letters from Stalin, each the equivalent of a Churchill speech, gave him a position of importance not only in Moscow but in inter-Allied relations; and this position he seems to have used modestly and well. How wide, in fact, the division between Russia and ourselves had become when the cry for a second front was at its loudest, the reader will probably discover for the first time when he comes to Mr. Cassidy's account of it. He concludes with a chapter on Russian post-war aims which is worth pondering.

Moscow Dateline is remarkably sensitive to the political atmosphere, but misses, it seems to me, that understanding of the ordinary mass of people which makes us turn to books on Russia. After reading it we are still in the dark about most things; Mr. Cassidy is very sensible about the Russians, but not in the end very enlightening. *Escape from Berlin* hasn't the solid merit of *Moscow Dateline*, and even more it is one of a long list of similar escape books. It does, though, give one the feel of life in Berlin as it was experienced by a non-Aryan woman until 1942, when she escaped through Switzerland to England. No atrocities or concentration camp, but the grinding restrictions and pariah fears seem almost as bad.

> We must not travel in trains, must not sit down in buses or tubes, are not allowed to use a telephone, either in phone boxes or in private houses. We will be severely punished should we have sufficient impudence to carry a walking stick, linger in front of a shop-window, or disgrace a public convenience with our undesirable presence.

No police protection or medical aid except from Jews, a yellow star to be worn always, forced labour, forced lodging. That is Berlin in September 1941. Afterwards, things got rapidly worse. This appalling picture, revealed in quiet terms, is the core, as it were, of a persecution mania shared, actively or passively, by every German. Mourning may not be worn; Goebbels says the Opera House has been bombed, so one passes with a hurried guilt the familiar untouched building; what were those screams last night?—ssh, there weren't any. We get an idea from Frau Klein of what it was like. Her book gives the impression of a day-to-day diary; but how, in fact, could such a record have been kept and then smuggled out? I am not throwing doubts on the general truthfulness of *Escape from Berlin*, but this is a point that the author and the publisher should make clear.

G. W. STONIER

THE FATHER OF NOBODY'S CHILDREN

Barnardo of Stepney. By A. E. WILLIAMS. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

OF the millions of people who have heard of Barnardo Homes but a small percentage have ever given a thought to the personality of their founder, or have more than the foggiest idea of when and where he lived, or even that he was a qualified medical man. Though I, for nearly forty years, practised medicine literally within a stone's throw of his first surgery, no patient of mine seemed to have any more personal knowledge of him than had the outside public. Mr. Williams's book therefore very definitely fills what is conventionally called "a gap." He was Dr. Barnardo's private secretary during the last seven years of his life; and Barnardo's widow commends this work as "a faithful record of one of God's most gifted and devoted servants."

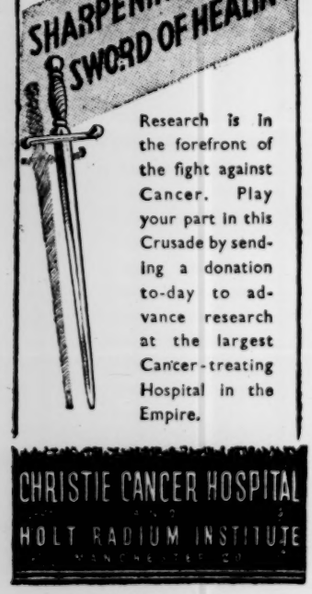
It has been said that few men are heroes to their private secretaries—especially if they are of the same sex—but Dr. Barnardo was undoubtedly a hero to Mr. Williams. In his later teens Barnardo, whose father was a prosperous business-man in Dublin, experienced a sudden conversion inevitably reminding one of the conversion of St. Paul. He gave up all his promising commercial prospects and came to London to train for missionary work. On being told that he would be much more useful if he had a medical training, he at once became a student at the London Hospital, and saw the dreadful poverty of many of the people in East London in those days. He qualified as a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, and set up in one of the worst of East End slums, Hope Place, near the gasworks at the bottom of Harford St., Stepney. Children, homeless through deaths or desertion, were not few, and clearly were in need of immediate help. It was to the rescue of these destitute boys and girls that Barnardo devoted his amazing energy, and to the training of them to become self-supporting citizens that he gave the rest of his life.

In forty years Barnardo raised over three million pounds, establishing in various countries "Homes of various kinds, such as had never existed before; for the reception, care and training of homeless, needy and afflicted children." In this time sixty thousand destitute boys and girls were put on their feet. One of his early successes in rescue work was a nine-year old boy called Walter Reynolds who was given a place in the Stepney Band. This boy later became a soloist at the promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall and was invited by Sir Henry Wood to join the Queen's Hall orchestra. Later he was appointed Musical Director of the L.C.C. To-day a Walter Reynolds scholarship (established through the generosity of this gifted musician) provides special musical instruction for any Barnardo boy who gives evidence of musical talent.

Of course, this rescue work was for Dr. Barnardo a pleasurable hobby, but surely that is what good deeds should be. Right up to the end of his life he worked fabulously long hours and expected the same devotion from those who took personal service under him. Once when Mr. Williams felt himself tired out with these endless days and short nights he dropped a note to his employer asking if he might get home a bit earlier on the next night. Barnardo was very surprised and wrote to Mr. Williams that "it would be a serious thing for me at the beginning of the winter season if the man upon whom I most rely found his work too much for him. You are a young man and at that time of life when a man, if he ever works hard works hard and bears the strain. In eight or ten years you won't be able to do what you're doing now, and by that time you will be entitled to be relieved of the strain."

Mr. Williams's book is full of interesting reminiscences and stories, many tender ones, many sarcastic ones, and many amusing ones, displaying a common weakness of those of us who are wont to dogmatise. This book is, in my opinion, one of the most instructive and entertaining personal studies of the century.

HARRY ROBERTS



Research is in the forefront of the fight against Cancer. Play your part in this Crusade by sending a donation to-day to advance research at the largest Cancer-treating Hospital in the Empire.

CHRISTIE CANCER HOSPITAL
HOLT RADIUM INSTITUTE
MANCHESTER

'Pain is gain'
—*Greek axiom*

Not until medical knowledge groped its way out of the darkness of the middle ages did men perceive that pain — hitherto regarded as an enemy — can in fact be a powerful friend and protector of the race. Pain is meant to be used — by the sufferer as an indication that something is amiss; by the doctor as an indication of what that something is. But as soon as it has done its job it must be allayed as speedily as possible, and that is what 'Cogene' is for.

'Cogene' is a combination of four pain-relieving drugs, scientifically blended to 'reach' the most harassing nerve pain and yet leave no harmful after-effects. That is why doctors prescribe it. It is sold by all chemists at 1/1½d. a tube.

Never forget, though, that while 'Cogene' will relieve the pain, it cannot remove the cause of the pain; only a doctor or a dentist can do that.

'COGENE'
(Regd. Trade Mark) Brand Tablets
A 'GENATOSAN' PRODUCT

SECURITY in our tight little island calls for an answer to the debt that we owe to men such as these . . . .
& SERVICE by giving donations, organising appeals or making knitted comforts for the
MERCHANT NAVY COMFORTS SERVICE
must be our reply.
APPEAL HEADQUARTERS, 62, HEATH ST., LONDON, N.W.3.

Space presented by
THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE CO.
7, Chancery Lane, London

A Future of Promise

The Church Army is planning for the part it must play in winning the post-war world for Christ.

Men and Women of the Forces are being brought into friendly contact with the Church through the medium of Church Army Mobile Canteens, Recreation Centres, Service Clubs and Hostels. Evangelists are engaged on full-time work among them.

Church Army Mission Vans take the Gospel message to villages and hamlets. News Teams and Moral Welfare Workers operate widely.

All these things are paving the way for the widespread evangelisation in which lies the only hope for the world of to-morrow.

Your help is needed to forward these plans.

Please cross cheques Barclays a/c Church Army, payable to the Rev. H. H. TREACHER, General Secretary and Head.

CHURCH ARMY
FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT
Headquarters:
55, BRYANSTON ST., LONDON, W.1
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940.)

Week-end Competitions

No. 732

Set by Fred Oyster

Competitors are asked to write a ballade of the stars, with a different meaning for the word "stars" in each verse, and the refrain

I gaze in wonder at the stars.

Envelopes should be marked with the number of the problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions should reach the Editor by first post on Monday, February 21st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 729

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for the best English versions of the famous sonnet by du Bellay:

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage,
Ou comme cestuy là qui conquit la toison,
Et puis est retourné, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son aage!
Quand revoiray-je, helas, de mon petit village
Fumer la cheminée: et en quelle saison
Revoiray-je le clos de ma pauvre maison,
Qui m'est une province, et beaucoup d'avantage?
Plus me plaist le sejour qu'ont basty mes ayeux,
Que des palais Romains de front audacieux:
Plus que le marbre dur me plaist l'ardoise fine,
Plus mon Loyre Gaulois, que le Tybre Latin,
Plus mon petit Lyré, que la mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la doulceur Angevine.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Usually I try to offer translators a poem that is not very familiar, but this famous sonnet I found irresistible, because it gives so beautifully the feelings alike of the French who made themselves exiles from love of their country, and of the British now fighting abroad. A number of competitors quite justifiably substituted for Lyré the places dear to them—the Cotswolds, Skirfare, Pook's hill, York Minster, the Kentish Downs, Berkshire, Shropshire, the Clyde, a Scottish burn, the Thames, the Avon, the Ouse, the Evenlode, the Teme. Those who kept to the original found the last three lines particularly difficult. Some thought Angevine the name of a place, others gave mountains to Anjou, others again thought the Palatine was the Palatinate or something to do with Pallas. There were hundreds of entries, and though two were well ahead, the runners-up were neck and neck. Among these are Corduroy, D.S.M., C. F. Rathbone, J. B. Monk, H. St. J. B. Philby, Frank Spooner, D. M. Collar, V. W., Rita Hands, T. E. Casson, Silvia Tatham, Damon, Ronald Mason, A. F. Fremantle, Stanley S. Sharpless and Little Billee. Towanbucket's version is admirably faithful but a little pedestrian. (He pointed out that Chesterton had translated the sonnet, but I think the brilliant result is rather too breezy.) After even more than the usual hesitation, I award consolation prizes of half a guinea each to William Bliss, to D. S. M. and to Lt. Kermode, whose variations on the theme sent from a warship are full of life. There remain F. C. C. and E. M., who have been much the most successful, and who deserve the warmest congratulations. E. M. has kept the rhyme-scheme of the original, F. C. C. has kept du Bellay's slates. Under the microscope F. C. C.'s "Tuscan" seems too infelicitous, while E. M.'s sixth and twelfth lines reveal awkward possessives; also I doubt if a home can be self-built. I think F. C. C. must have the first prize of a guinea and a half, and E. M. a second prize of a guinea.

Happy the man—like Jason of the Fleece,
Or famed Ulysses—who returns once more
After fair voyage, to his father's door,
Travelled and wise to end his days in peace.
Ah, in what season shall I see again
My chimney's smoke, and narrow village street,
My orchard close, my little, poor retreat,
More rich to me than any wide domain.
Give me the farm my fathers' fathers made,
No Tuscan court with vaunting colonnade;
For Tiber's foam, my gentle Loire and true,
For marbled roof, the slender slates of home,
My little Lyré, not the hills of Rome,
And for salt winds, the sweet air of Anjou.
F. C. C.

Thrice happy, who like him that won the Fleece,
Or old Ulysses, by experience wise,
After a prosperous journey homeward hies,
Among his kin to end his days in peace!
Ah, when shall I behold above the trees
The smoke from my small hamlet's chimneys rise,
The little close that round my cottage lies,
To me more precious than a county's lease?
Fairer to me my fathers' self-built home
Than those bold-fronted palaces of Rome,
Its shapely tiles than their hard marble's gleam;
Anjou's soft air than breath of ocean's brine,
My little Lyré than Mount Palatine,
My Gallic Loire than Tiber's Latin stream.
E. M.

Happy who, like Ulysses, far and wide
Has roamed; or him who won the Golden Fleece;
And, travel-wise, from the warm isles of Greece
Has homing come, to his own countryside,
There to live out his days. Ah! woe betide!
When shall my exile end, my journeyings cease,
And I find home and hearth and love and peace—
Home! that's the world to me—and Heaven beside!

Far more to me my fathers' English home
Than all the pillared pride of Greece or Rome;
More sweet clear Coln than Tiber's turbid flow,
More fair gray, lichened stone than marble fine,
More dear that Cotswold village that I know—
Loved Frampton Mansell—than the Palatine.
WILLIAM BLISS

Blest, like Ulysses, far-famed commodore,
Or t'other, captor of a golden fleece,
Who home returns mid kin to bide and cease,
Rich in the ruts of wandering and its lore:
But when, alack, for me will chance restore
And in what season of the heavens' caprice
My hamlet's smoke, poor cot and plot of peace,
For me a province and a great deal more?

More for my Fathers' dwelling-place I crave
Than for Rome's palace fronts, so braggart-brave.
More than dense marble, slate of fracture fine,
French Loire, not Latin Tiber, I would win,
More my small Lyré than Mount Palatine,
More, more than brine blown, sweetness Angevin.
D. S. M.

Happy the types like Ulysses, back home from their operations,
Happy the other kind, who achieve their difficult object
Returning a good deal wiser, considerably more experienced,
And spending the rest of their lives quite quietly with their people.
God, how badly I need to see the haze of the chimneys
Above my little village; and the tight respectable cottage—
I don't know when, if ever, I'll see the old place again—
My castle, you might well call it, and a whole lot more to me,
My forbears built it themselves, I take a far better view of it
Than I would of a Roman palace, no matter how perfectly wizard.
They used sound stuff at that; you can keep your permanent marble,
Shoot me no line about Tiber, and the famous Palatine hill;
The Lyré and the Loire are far more in my department.
Soft winds of Anjou for me please; sea-breezes?
I've simply lost interest. LIEUT. Z. E. KERMODE

F. W. WOOLWORTH & CO.

MR. W. L. STEPHENSON'S STATEMENT.

The thirty-fifth annual general meeting of F. W. Woolworth & Co., Ltd., will be held on 8 Feb. 18 in London.

The following is an extract from the statement of the chairman (Mr. W. L. Stephenson) circulated with the report and accounts for the year ended Dec. 31, 1943:—

This is the fifth annual general meeting of the company since the war commenced, and conditions in the retail distributing trade certainly showed no improvement in the past year. We can feel some satisfaction, therefore, that in spite of shrinkage of personnel and curtailment of supplies of goods the board can place before you an accounting such as this. All things considered, we may be well content.

The falling off of profit can be mainly attributed to lack of merchandise. We, like others, could readily sell goods in short supply; a whole month's quota will sell in the hour, which indicates the extent of the commodity hunger which remains to be satisfied when better times come along. The net profit for the year is £5,203,654—which is £496,168 less than that of the previous year—a drop of 8.70 per cent. If you agree the final dividend of 1s. 6d. per unit, making 2s. per unit for the year, against 2s. 6d. per unit for the previous year, the balance to carry forward to the next account will be £7,232,840, which is an increase of £50,000.

POST-WAR RESTORATION

I have often stressed the Board's conviction that this general reserve or surplus should be sustained, and now, having regard to the company's probable post-war activities, I am sure that your action through the years in agreeing to the retention of profits to build up this important sum will be rewarded.

When the company has come through the long period of this struggle, with all its necessary restrictions, the great paucity of men and goods, we shall face an enormous task. The Stores are sadly shabby, understaffed and stocked with such goods as are available in these times; even the fixtures are in a condition we would not normally tolerate. It is going to be a gigantic job to re-equip ourselves with the kind of buildings, fitments, merchandise and personnel to put the Woolworth Stores in their right standing in post-war retail distribution. With this brief picture you can readily see that we need accumulated reserves of money. Another item which I might mention is Reserve for Buildings, which will become £1,600,000 if you agree the current appropriation. This considerable sum has been set aside from profits during the past ten years.

The Stock on Hand is lower by £1,568,358, whilst Cash in Hand at £7,352,419 is £2,489,438 higher. This condition can to some extent be attributed to a drastic elimination of doubtful merchandise from our stocks. It is the Board's policy to aim at passing into the post-war period with the minimum of wartime productions, and so be in a condition to revert to goods of proper Woolworth quality and intrinsic value.

Scholarships

ABBOTSHOLME SCHOOL, Derbyshire. Entrance Scholarship Tests. 15th–18th May, 1944. Entry to the Senior School has this year to be confined to boys entering from the Abbotsholme Junior School, for lack of other vacancies. Candidates for scholarships for entry in September, 1944, must be under 10 and over 8 on 1st Jan., 1945. Three scholarships are offered, of values £75, £30 and £30.

Specialised Training

HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Spec. Ent., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Com., B.D. Moderate fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH93, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894.)

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Bkkpr.-Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk-kprs.; success. postal-pers. courses. Brochures, 3d. Sec., Sthn. Training College, Brighton, 6.

DRAWING and Tracing for War Work (full part-time). Architecture (Civil Service posts), Commercial Art or Fashions: Personal postal training. Partics. West End Drawing Office, 107 Park St., London, W.1. MAY 2232.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

HONEYMOONS and Holidays, West Surrey Rambling Centre. Brochure. Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, Farnham, Sy. Frensham 362.

WOODY Bay Hotel, Parracombe, N. Devon. Quiet restful holiday amidst beautiful surroundings. Central heating. H. & C. Own produce. Safe area, no restrictions. Open all yr. Parracombe 64. Write terms, from 4 gns.

To Let and Wanted

DESPERATELY wanted, modern 1–2 rm., unfurn., s/c flat, Cent. Lond. Box 3388.

WANTED, 2/3 room unf. s/c flat N.W. W. area. Mod. rent. Box 3892.

SERVICE man (R.N.), married, seeks small furnished flat, Feb. Oct. Within easy reach Lond. Univ. Reasonable rent. Box 3860.

FLAT or part house wanted near nursery school, 2–3 bedrooms, lounge, bath and kitchen for business mother, child 2½, and maid. N. London preferred. Box 3888.

Accommodation Offered and Wanted

STUDIOUS self-sufficient couple wish let two small furnished rooms. Attractive house, garden, river, Richmond. Mutual privacy essential. No cranks. Box 4043.

CRICKLEWOOD. Well-furnished double bedroom and dining room, use kitchen and bathroom. Constant hot water, gas, electric lt. Inclusive 3½ gns. GLAD. 5044.

TO Let, attractive bed-sitting room in Bloomsbury flat, use of kitchen, bathroom. 2 gns. p.w. Box 3829.

ADVERTISER has 4-bedroom house and garden 14 miles N. London, handy for tube and town, which he would exchange for modern self-cont. flat (small) in near district, or would consider sharing with congenial company (2 rooms unfurnished). Box 3840.

PLEASANTLY furn. rm. offered with/without pt. board. Parliament Hill Fields. Gul. 2043.

FURNISHED accom. offered gentleman in house of unusual charm. No other guests. Oaktree Lodge, Hazel Lane Petersham, Surrey.

BED-SITTING room reqd., Medway towns. Attendance and preferably board; single business woman. Box 3919.

YOUNG professional man requires furn. flatlet or room(s) where piano not resented. With or without part board. Accessible daily S.E. London. Box 3887.

WANTED. Furn. pleas., light room (use of) kitchenette, bath; suburb nr. undgrd. reach Isleworth. Austrian yg. lady. Write Photographer, West Middx. County Hosp., Isleworth.

INTELLIGENT young couple with two-year-old boy, urgently want furnished part-furn. accom. or share flat house. N.6, N.8 or N.W.11 pref.—or anywhere. MOU 6545.

MIXED Club Organiser, woman, 38, requires bed-sitting room and attendance with breakfast and evening meal. London West Central or West district by April 3rd. Secretary, 8 Sydenham Rd., Croydon. Cro. 1364.

EDUCATED woman desires room in comfortable house in London in return for light domestic services. Willing contribute board. Box 3814.